MORE ABOUT THOSE RICES

ELSIE HAWES SMITH

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MORE ABOUT THOSE RICES

By

ELSIE HAWES SMITH

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Dedicated to
My Grandchildren
Who love the tales of long ago.

INTRODUCTION

IN writing this new story for you I have had the assistance of many members of the Rice family.

Included in these is Mrs. Winifred Lovering Holman, genealogist, who discovered the name and facts pertaining to the life of Lydia, one of the two daughters of Edmund Rice and his second wife Mercie. This data was published in the Stevens-Miller genealogy compiled by Mrs. Holman for Mrs. Helen Pillsbury of Minneapolis. Mrs. Holman kindly gave her permission for the use of these facts in my story for the Rice family. We greatly appreciate her kindness. Others of the family were Thomas Jefferson Rice of Plymouth, Michigan, Mrs. Ethel Rice Sanborn of Manchester, N.H., Harley Schlagel, lately deceased, of Des Plaines, Ill., Eugene Rice of Norwood, Mass., Mrs. May Rice Joslin of Southbridge, Mass., Rev. Claton Rice of Seattle, Washington, Miss Christine Brown of Sharon, Georgia, Miss Sally Brown and Mrs. Mary Brown Connally of Atlanta, Georgia, Mrs. Frances Rice Shaw of Montreal, Canada, Miss Alice Reynolds of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., and to many others who have contributed facts and genealogy.

Much information has been gleaned from old clippings, from town histories, old wills, deeds and other personal papers, and from other publications.

For the stories of other Rices not related to our family I am particularly indebted to Miss Helen Royce of Wallingford, Conn., and to Arthur Hopkins Rice of Washington, D.C.

We have tried to give you an interesting picture of

the days of long ago and of some of the Rices of past years who have proved themselves honorable descendants of Deacon Edmund Rice. We hope that you will receive as much enjoyment in reading it as we have experienced in gathering the material which has made the story possible.

ELSIE HAWES SMITH,
Historian, Edmund Rice (1638) *Association, Inc.*

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More About Those Rices

Chapter I

THE START OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

THE story of Edmund Rice and his contemporaries is the history of this great country repeated a thousand times in the lives of their children's children as the generations have builded on the safe and sure foundation these pioneers laid over three hundred years ago. This magnificent saga started by these first dominant men and women is a story unlike and unequalled by any other in the entire world. We are reminded of the inscription on St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Sir Christopher Wren, "If you seek his monument, look around you."

Those first emigrants must have possessed a certain cool courage, a strength of body and character that no fears could daunt, and a hard-bitten desperation, to make the decision to leave all that was familiar and to accept whatever hardships and dangers lay ahead in an entirely new way of life. Across endless miles of half-charted ocean they must begin again with nothing but their bare hands and the few tools for work that they could take with them.

We must not, however, make the mistake of judging Edmund Rice and his companions by the standards of their twentieth century descendants. They were a different people entirely. They were unused to easy living, to leisure, or entertainment, or to any of the

niceties of life that we take for granted. They were sturdy, crude, raucous, earthy folks. They had few possessions and nothing that was truly lovely in their lives. Even Queen Elizabeth ate with her fingers! They were used to hard times and to the dark and chilly dampness all England knows. For most of them it was a hand-to-mouth existence with nothing ahead but a mere living and mounting oppression under King Charles and Arch-bishop Laud. Edmund Rice was one of the increasing number of middle class artisans who had the intelligence and vision to see life as it really was and what it was growing to be.

For over twenty-five years America had been generally known and talked about. Jamestown, Virginia, had been a place on the map for thirty years. Following the granting of the charter of Massachusetts Bay several prominent ministers and their followers had come here to settle. By 1630 there were four hundred people in the Plymouth colony and two thousand others had started settlements at Salem, Boston, Roxbury, Newtown (later Cambridge), Watertown, Windsor, Hartford, Wethersfield, New Haven and other places. Roger Williams and his followers had founded Providence and the Rhode Island settlements had been started by William Coddington and others. Thus it was far from a doubtful venture for Edmund Rice and his family.

The government of England, alarmed at the exodus of so many respectable citizens, issued a proclamation in 1637 forbidding any further emigration. Among those who were forcibly kept in England was the clever and hot-headed Oliver Cromwell, whose detention the King lived to bitterly regret. This proclamation put difficulties in the way of leaving, but people continued to get out of the country, among them our ancestor.

They knew by 1638 what it was necessary to bring with them and something about the conditions they must expect. Since most of the settlers had come from one section of England, Edmund Rice probably had acquaintances or relatives already here. There has been a story prevalent that his brother named Richard or Robert had come the year previously and settled at Cambridge, but of that fact there is not any authentication.

To Thomasine it must have been particularly difficult to leave forever her relatives, friends and familiar scenes. She was thirty eight years old, middle-aged for women of that generation, and set in her ways. But Edmund's eyes burned with a strange new light of hope and desire and the boys were noisily clamorous with the urge to go. It meant a new life and opportunity opening up for the whole family, so Thomasine carefully sorted out the few necessary things she could take and got the small children ready for the long journey.

Each boat carried from eight to ten families and a few single men. If you have seen the replica of the old sailing vessel at Pioneer Village in Salem, you can realize how crude the accommodations were and you must wonder how they ever managed to fit into such a small space and survive a month or more at sea.

Probably one or more families of neighbors and friends came with Edmund and Thomasine, making it a little easier to leave the homeland and all the folks they knew. Mrs. Holman states that a widow Rice shared in one of the earlier divisions of land at Sudbury; who she was we do not know, but she might have been Thomasine's sister Elizabeth married in 1605 to one Henry Rice who died a few years later in England. Another sister Alice and her husband

Thomas Blower were in Boston in 1640 and might have come over on the same vessel with the Rices.

Without doubt Edmund and Thomasine and their seven children went to friends in Watertown sharing the already crowded cabin with a philosophy their descendants would do well to emulate. They never heard of a housing shortage, but there wasn't a vacant cabin in all of Massachusetts Bay and probably no inn. There might have been an abandoned dug-out or wigwam such as were built for first shelters at Salem, but they would have been about ten years old and perhaps that sort of living place had never been used at Watertown. Henry and Edward, man-grown, could bunk any where with their father; Thomas, a lusty boy of twelve could do likewise; but Thomasine, ten year old Lydia, the two little boys and the baby had to have better accommodations. However, the people were hearty and generous and cordial; they were not bothered by twentieth century nerves; most likely those who had homes were glad to have new people from the old country to visit with them for a while. Anyway, they were all in this new venture together; the days were busy and the future laid ahead, a long span of years with much to accomplish.

Edmund Rice, born about 1594, had married at St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, on Oct. 15, 1618, Thomasine Frost. She was the fifth daughter of Edward and Thomasine (Belgrave) Frost and was baptized at Stanstead, Suffolk, Aug. 11, 1600. Since there is additional information regarding Edmund's children, the list of his family follows:

At Stanstead, Suffolk, England:—

Marie bapt. Aug. 23, 1619 — no further record.
Henry bapt. Feb. 13, 1620-21

Edward bapt. Oct. 20, 1622
Thomas bapt. Jan. 26, 1625-26
At Berkhamstead, Herts, England —
Lydia baptised Mar. 9, 1627-28
Matthew baptised Feb. 28, 1629-30
Daniel baptised Nov. 1, 1632 — buried Nov. 10, 1632
Samuel baptised Nov. 12, 1634
Joseph baptised March 13, 1637-38
At Sudbury, Mass.
Benjamin born May 31, 1640
By second wife, Mercie
Lydia born about 1657
Ruth born Sept. 29, 1659.

Chapter II

THE START AT SUDBURY

THE grant for the new settlement later to become Sudbury had been arranged before Edmund Rice's arrival and probably was largely taken up by those lately come from England.

After a short time spent in making the necessary arrangements the company set out from Watertown eager to begin on the business of making homes for their families in this new section of the wilderness. Picture these bearded men and their teen-aged sons dressed in their rough homespun, stalking into the forest over the rough blazed trail; see them loaded with their axes and measuring chains, their guns and their small supplies of food, alert, keen-eyed, wary, observant of the rise and fall of the ground, the size and variety of the timber, and the spread of the open

meadows. It was a sober adventure but an uplifting one; their hearts beat a little faster with the prospect of the new accomplishments that laid ahead. England and the old humdrum life seemed very far away and long ago that day as they forged toward the new land that would be their home in a few short weeks.

Before the sun was high they had reached the boundary of the grant where they began to tramp about looking over the ground, discussing the lay of the land and the best situation for their first homes. An old map of Sudbury shows the location they chose, not far from the Watertown line; a fairly level area protected by a rise of hills from the sharp winds and near to open meadows that would provide hay for their stock. Here they laid out side by side their four acre lots near the spot chosen for the meeting house.

Quickly and efficiently they set about the work of felling trees and clearing away what brush was necessary. Laboriously but heartily they split out and measured the necessary lumber for the cabins. It was a slow task but the men worked from first light until dark and within a few weeks the cabins were finished. They were small and crude each containing a single room with a loft overhead; they were not log cabins as we have often pictured, for that style of dwelling was unknown in the early New England colonies. These were of stout timbers probably finished on the outside with split unedged boards as seen at Pioneer Village.

Here with their neighbors Edmund and Thomasine started the long story of the Rice family in this country. The account of the prominent part our ancestor took in the town of Sudbury and later at Marlboro, of his services in apportioning land, as judge, selectman, Deacon and Representative has been told many

times. He never thought that he was living a mighty part in history, nor did he dream that by his modest work-filled life he would be remembered centuries later by thousands of descendants who have peopled a broad and prosperous country beyond his wildest comprehension.

From his sons and daughters came other generations, adventurous and ambitious, who spread in every direction. Many of them, true pioneers, became first settlers in many remote places; they went to Connecticut, to Vermont and New Hampshire, to Maine, which for many years was part of the Massachusetts grant; they spilled over by the hundreds into New York; they went to Virginia and the Carolinas; they were first settlers of Ohio, going to Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, the prairie states and finally to California and the Northwest.

Rices are everywhere and Rices have done everything. They have been farmers and blacksmiths, innkeepers and merchants, doctors, lawyers, ministers and financiers. They have been pound-keepers and engineers, selectmen, mayors, legislators, governors and even Presidents. They have served in every war in every capacity from private to General. Almost without exception they have led useful lives and been upstanding respected citizens, a credit to their pioneer ancestor.

Chapter III

EDMUND'S DAUGHTERS

THE lives of the sons of Edmund Rice have been recounted before. The story of their marriages and

children and their exploits is a familiar one. Less has been told about his daughters for of them less was known, the name of one even being shrouded in mystery.

Lydia, Thomasine's only daughter, was a little girl of ten when the family left England. Hers must have been a monotonous and work-filled adolescence in the new settlement where her mother had so many tasks to carry on. She must have been a great help to Thomasine whose life was a round of chores, and being the only girl in the family, Lydia must have worked much harder than many another girl who had sisters to share in the jobs. She tended the smaller ones and brought wood for the fireplace, stirred the bubbling pots always hanging from the long crane; she cleaned the fish and game her brothers brought in and helped make soap and candles and wash the wool and hetchel the flax. At least she escaped washing stacks of dishes, a task that is so distasteful to present day little girls; eating arrangements were exceedingly simple in early Colonial days. Thomasine Rice had only wooden trenchers and spoons with possibly a platter and porringer or two of pewter. Earthenware in the first days was exceedingly rare. The food was most often served in the form of stew or mush and eaten with a spoon or with the fingers, two people usually eating from a single trencher. Forks were unheard of, and knives were uncommon. Each man in the family had a hunting knife with which meat was cut into suitable portions, and then the knife was probably returned to his belt. The drink, usually ale or an allied concoction, passed around the table in the big wooden or leathern jack from which each drank in turn. Of course the germs went around too, but they didn't know about that, so there was nothing

to worry about. The Rices and other first colonists drank little water, considering it injurious to the health.

There came a bright spot in Lydia's life while she was still very young, for when she was seventeen she married Hugh Drury, a young man of twenty-seven or-eight. Hugh had come over from England a year or two after the Rices, apparently without a family, and had been granted a lot at Sudbury in 1640-41.

The year after they were married Lydia's only child John was born at Sudbury. Two years later Hugh Drury moved his family to Boston. Hugh was a carpenter by trade and saw greater opportunities in the flourishing town by the sea than in the agricultural community of Sudbury. There in Boston he seems to have prospered and become more or less prominent, serving on juries and town committees, and was a lieutenant in a military company during King Philip's war. He was active in several enterprises one of which was a partnership in the Blue Bell, evidently a tavern. Life was easier in Boston for Lydia, and Hugh being industrious and quick to seize every advantage, provided her with a good home and all that she needed. The Drury family of New England, many of whom intermarried with Rices in later generations are descended from Hugh and Lydia Rice Drury.

After the death of Thomasine, Edmund Rice married the widow, Mercie Brigham, in 1654-55. It has been known that this couple had two daughters, but the name of Anne as listed in Ward's genealogy has been proved to be an error. Through the research of Mrs. Winifred Lovering Holman, genealogist, the unknown child has been identified as a second Lydia, born about 1657. An unrecorded deed owned by Mrs. Holman is inscribed on the back, "Edmund Rice his

deed to his two daughters Lydia and Ruth." The deed itself states that all his property shall belong to his wife Marcy Rice and after her decease shall pass to his children that "are or shall be borne of her body." However, since Thomasine's daughter was named Lydia, the impact of the inscription did not register.

Mrs. Holman has discovered many documents relating to Edmund Rice and this missing daughter to the use of which she has consented for the interest and information of Edmund's descendants. In a proposal for settling of Edmund's estate the following provisions were made: "To the eldest sonne forty pounds and to ye other twenty pounds apiece and to ye two young children of ye sd Ed. Rice had by the sd. widow ten pounds apiece when they come of age or at ye marriage."

Mrs. Holman states that it was not unusual to give the same name to a second child born into a family. The other Lydia had been married and away from home for over ten years when the little one was born. Perhaps Edmund was particularly fond of the name or it may have been Mercie's choice; anyway the little girl has been identified as a second Lydia.

When Edmund Rice died, Mercie's Brigham children were not all grown and his two little girls were only six and four. The older Lydia's only child was fast growing up, a sturdy boy of eleven. A small family meant a lonely way of life and in those days was something of a tragedy as well. What would be more natural than for Lydia to offer to take one of the little half-sisters to bring up?

Marlboro where Edmund and Mercie had been among the first settlers was still a pretty wild place and there was a lot of work to be done. Lydia could

well afford to give to the little girl more advantages than her mother could provide, so Mercie agreed to let Lydia take the little six-year-old, the second Lydia.

Lydia Drury died when the younger Lydia was eighteen and was buried in King's chapel burying ground where her head stone still stands. It must have been that Hugh was fond of this half-sister and regarded her as a daughter, for his will executed in 1687 reveals a deep regard for her.

"To my Sister Ledea Hawkins all the charges of hur Bringing up and for hur clothen and Scouling For twelve years which I Judg to be worth sixty pound allsoe I do consent to what my wife gave hur aftur death which was halfe of what my wife had which was as much as she gave To Hur dafter Mary Drury; (her son's wife) allsoe I do approve To The silver caddell cup which my wife gave to Ledea and That linen yarne that I gave hur which made severall pare of sheates and that seaven pound in monye fore pound some time befor she marred and three pound at hur marrag allsoe wone father bed wone bolster and Blankits wone coverled these things I give hur now and I name Them now becase she may not call to an accunt for them after I am dead. To all this I give hur that wrought coushin which was my wives and To all this I give to my sister ledea five pounds of mony To be payd within six months after my decease."

Hugh had had considerable trouble with his second wife who may have been something of a shrew, and that may have made him think all the more tenderly of his half-sister Lydia.

Lydia Rice married about 1678 probably in Boston, James Hawkins Jr. who was a mason and brick-layer. They had five children —

James born Jan. 22, 1679 died young
Lydia born August 24, 1681 m. Samuel Adams
James born Aug. 8, 1683 died young
Mercy born Oct. 29, 1687 died young
Abigail bapt. Feb. 26, 1699-1700 died young.

Lydia's husband pased away in 1709-10; she lived seven years longer to die at the age of sixty.

Of Edmund and Mercie's second daughter Ruth, little has ever been said except to note that she married Captain Samuel Welles of Wethsfield, Connecticut.

Young people in those days of limited travel usually married within their own neighborhood; it can be only a matter of conjecture as to how Ruth Rice of Marlboro met a young man from so far off. Samuel Welles, being a Captain, may have been serving as a soldier during some of the Indian troubles and in that capacity may have come to Marlboro. Perhaps Ruth visited her sister Lydia who was married and living in Boston which was a lively and busy place. Being a shipping centre, young Welles may have come there on business from Connecticut, when it would have been very easy to run into James Hawkins and so meet his attractive sister-in-law.

This Welles family enjoyed considerable prominence in Connecticut and very likely were well-to-do. Samuel, born in Wethersfield April 13, 1660, was a grandson of Gov. Thomas Welles of Hartford. Samuel carried out the tradition of the family's public service by serving as Selectman of Glastonbury and as a member of the Legislature.

The young couple were married June 20, 1683; the Welles family genealogy states that the ceremony took place in Glastonbury, which seems strange. Six children were born to them all in Gastonbury as follows:

Mary or Mercy born Oct. 15, 1684; died Nov. 1, 1684
Samuel born July 9, 1688 — died Oct. 1, 1688
Samuel born Dec. 24, 1689
Thomas born Feb. 14, 1693
Thaddeus born May 27, 1695
Silas born March 4, 1700

The second son named Samuel graduated from Yale college and studied for the ministry. However, he soon gave up the idea, for he met and fell in love with a girl by the name of Arnold of Boston. She belonged to a wealthy family and could not see giving up the circumstances to which she was accustomed to accept the uncertain life of a minister's wife. So Samuel changed his plans and entered business in Boston where the couple enjoyed prosperity and affluence. He became a judge of the lower courts and held other positions of prominence. Their oldest child also named Samuel graduated at Harvard, married and had six children, one of whom, another Samuel, went to Paris in 1815 and became a well known international banker. His life was a long way off in distance and environment from those Rices, his relatives by blood who were pushing back the wilderness in this young country.

Ruth Rice Welles lived all her married life at Glastonbury, Connecticut in comparative safety and ease. Her husband died in 1731, and she eleven years later at the age of eighty two, the last surviving child of Deacon Edmund Rice.

Chapter IV

THE RICES OF MARLBORO

THE tale of how Edmund Rice and some of his friends moved on farther into the wilderness to make a new settlement at Marlboro just when Sudbury would seem to have become a pleasant and sociable place to live is familiar to all our family. An interesting newspaper article of about fifty years ago tells in detail to what a great extent this Rice family entered into the life of Marlboro through many generations.

From seventeen to twenty families of Rices, the story says, lived in Rice row less than a half mile in length and more than one hundred Rice children were born there in a little over a century. It brings us a realization of how close were the ties of family in former days and how completely the life and interests of one were tied to the welfare and happiness of all. Those people of past generations in spite of privations and seeming hardships had something precious that has slipped away from us in these modern high-strung days. Life held the simplicity and earnestness that we often lack. These Rices were average hard working people, devoted to family, church and community, handing down the old place from father to son through several generations.

There on Rice row Edward, son of the Deacon, lived to be ninety-three; his son Benjamin died on the same place in his eighties. His son Simon stayed on his father's farm, followed in turn by Zerubbabel. In the family genealogy this Zerubbabel appears to have been Simon's brother. He had no children at the time

of his death. In his will he left the use of part of the house until she marry again to "Mrs. Lydia Howe, housekeeper, widow of Abraham Howe, Jr., or by whatever name the said Lydia may be called." He also left property to three other people. There were several heirs-at-law who contested the will, claiming that Zerubbabel was of unsound mind. Lydia may have been a designing woman, but apparently had gone through some kind of a ceremony with the old man, which he seems to have forgotten or doubted, and a squabble over the property lasted several months. It ended by Lydia getting the property for "the marriage of Mrs. Lydia was considered legal and the will approved." The account has a very modern flavor. After all, human nature is the same yesterday, today and forever.

Another son of Edward, Jacob, married about 1692 and built a house between Capt. Peter and Joseph Rice. He died there at the age of eighty-six leaving his son Gershom to occupy the home. Gershom lived there to be over eighty and his son Thomas died there at over ninety, leaving the home place to his sons Jonathan and Solomon. Solomon built a new house nearby, and the old home passed on to Jonathan's son, Aaron. Two others of Jonathan's sons, Eli and Joseph, also stayed in Marlboro, while their brother Hon. Thomas settled not far off at Shrewsbury.

Joseph, another son of the Deacon represented Marlboro at the General Court in 1684; his son Joseph served in the same capacity from 1732-40. His son, Capt. Jesse, lived on the home farm leaving it to Joseph's grandson Elisha who had six children born in the old house.

Thomas' son, Capt. Peter, lived to be ninety-five on his father's place, having been a Representative for seven years. His youngest son Abraham, grandson

Peter and great grandson Deacon Eli all occupied Thomas' old home.

Besides these Rices who lived on what was called Rice row, one old settler said that by extending the limits a little he could name at least five other Rice families. Among them was Jonah who licved a half mile away and whose sons Martin and grandson Abel kept on living in the same spot. Daniel, another son of Edward, lived at Marlboro; it was his grandson Jabez living in the same town in Revolutionary days who named his twins Dorothy Quincy and John Hancock.

From these Marlboro Rices went many sons and daughters to settle at Brookfield, where they too kept the ties of family close, taking up land and building their homes in one neighborhood which still is known as Rice Corners.

Chapter V

RICE CORNERS

THE settlement known as Brookfield was a long way from Marlboro through dense woods and over rugged hills; probably it was reached only by a blazed trail that wound away into the dim distance. Into this new country along the Quaboag river in 1714 went Elisha Rice, oldest son of Peter of Marlboro. Peter was a Captain of the train band of Marlboro and well acquainted with the Indian troubles. Elisha, being twenty-four at the time he took up his sixty-acre grant in Brookfield, undoubtedly had accompanied his father many times; probably he had forged with other young

Rices and others far into the wilderness and knew the trail upon which he set out.

There on his grant he built a cabin and started clearing his fields. Probably his next younger brother Cyprian went with him. Cyprian was three years younger than Elisha, there having been twins born between them with the melodious names of Zipporah and Zephaniah. They could not take it and died young. A few years later in 1720 Elisha married Martha Rice six years his junior; she was a daughter of Jacob whose home was next to Captain Peter's in Marlboro. Her father evidently owned land in Brookfield which he conveyed for sixty pounds in 1733 to his son Amos. Amos very likely went to Brookfield at about this time.

Elisha and Martha had only seven children, a small family for that time, but their share of grief was heavy. Two children died when only a year or two old and two others within a few weeks of each other just as they were reaching young womanhood. In spite of hardships they both lived to a ripe old age, Martha passing on at ninety while Elisha lived on to die at ninety-nine. His will dated 1784 left his estate to his wife who died before him. To son Elnathan he left three pounds in money and all his clothes. To his grand daughter Martha Streeter went all the best pewter, brass kittle, and new warming pan. To his grandsons he gave all the live stock. To his daughter Eunice three pounds and all his wife's clothing and weaving machinery after his wife's demise. We knew that it was usual for the man to claim all the contents of the house but never before have we heard of a man claiming his wife's clothing as part of his estate! How his eyes would pop at the independence of his female descendants!

Elisha's only son Elnathan stayed on the home

place caring for the old folks. He died a few months after his father at the age of eighty-two. Elnathan and his wife Lucy (Walker) had seven children, too. The oldest, Elisha, moved to Sturbridge where he in turn had eleven children, one of whom married a Rice girl of Brookfield and went to Ohio. Elijah, Peter, Rufus, Joseph and Olive all stayed in Brookfield. Joseph married a granddaughter of Amos and Olive, a grandson of Azariah who also lived in Brookfield. Thus the Rice family generation after generation found a particular affinity for each other. There should remain in their descendants a considerable quantity of the sterling qualities of their common ancestor, Deacon Edmund Rice.

One of Elnathan's sons cared for his aging mother in the house his grandfather had built. This house is still standing, a beautiful example of old Colonial architecture with wide doors, deep fireplaces and a winding stairway climbing around the big chimney to the chambers above. This house has an interesting feature of the old days. Opening by a low door under the stairs and having a small opening in the side of the fireplace is a bricked-up compartment large enough to hold several people and high enough to accommodate a tall man. The inference is that it was built as a hiding place from the Indians in case of attack, for Brookfield had much trouble from their Red neighbors. The present owner states that the legend goes that during the days of the abolitionist movement this compartment was used to hide escaping slaves along the underground railway.

Some few years after Elisha and Cyprian settled at Brookfield their younger brother Peter followed them. On the Brookfield records appears the notation" Peter Rice and Dinar Woolcott married September

22, 1730. The girl's name was undoubtedly Dinah, the town clerk either being a very poor speller or a very original bentleman. Ward's genealogy lists eight children born to them, but Rev. Claton Rice of Seattle assured us that there were nine, since he has ample proof of his descent from the ninth.

Chapter VI

FROM WARREN TO VERMONT AND ON TO THE WEST

PETER and Lucy Rice lived for some years at Brookfield; then the far-off fields that lay over the hill tempted another Rice, and like so many of his relatives, Peter moved on, this time to the small settlement of Western, later called Warren, This tract lay about twenty miles to the west of Brookfield.

Here in Western, Peter became a prominent man in the community. In 1741 — it must have been soon after his arrival—he was elected Selectman. He and two others were appointed a committee to buy land and build a meeting house. Peter Rice and another were voted a committee to buy nails for the meeting house. This must have been a serious undertaking, since it required the services of two men.

"Voted Peter Rice should go down to Boston to General Court to represent the town." "Voted Peter Rice third Select man March 1755." "Voted to hire Mr. Jones (the minister) on probation." "Voted a committee composed of Blair, Rich and Rice to see what Mr. Jones demands for his preaching before his ordination." "Voted Peter Rice a dealer in leather for the year of March 14, 1747."

Peter was not destined to live a long life like so many of his forbears, but like a few of them also, he met with a tragic accident. In 1759 he was drowned while fording a stream at flood time. His death was a tragedy, indeed, not only for the town in which he had been such a responsible citizen but for his wife and half-grown younger children.

Little Silas, the baby of the family, whose birth was not recorded was only twelve years old. The fact that Silas was a son of Peter of Western has been thoroughly authenticated. Rev. George Rice of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who incidentally lived to be one hundred and three in good old Rice tradition wrote in his memoirs, "I now pass on to my great grandfather Peter, the grandson of Edmund Rice. He closed his life about the year 1760 by being drowned in an attempt to cross a swollen stream. He left a widow and several children. One of the children was my grandfather, Silas, born in 1747." Silas was also mentioned as his son in Peter's will. Abraham Rice of Marlboro was his guardian. Attached to the guardianship paper is another evidently in Silas' handwriting which reads, "This may certifie whom it may concern, that I, Silas Rice, am come to the years of more than fourteen, and I chuse Abraham Rice for my gurdean. Witness my hand Nov. 22, 1762. Silas Rice." The guardianship papers state that Abraham Rice is "nominated and allowed to be guardian unto Silas Rice, a minor, aged about fourteen years, son of Peter Rice, late of Western." Abraham was undoubtedly the youngest brother of Peter.

Where Silas lived during his teens nobody knows. One of his sisters was married to Oliver Rice, son of Azariah of Brookfield, whose sister Lydia had married Cyprian. She had three small children at the

time. A brother Peter was also living in Brookfield, having married a short time before his father's death. Later Peter moved to Charlemont where the record of his later years seems to have been lost. Silas may have lived with one of these relatives; or possibly the widowed Dinah continued to run the farm and Silas was kept busily at work, for a twelve-year-old boy in the days before the Revolution was expected to do more labor than many of our modern men would think of accomplishing in a forty-hour-week. The records show that Silas was baptised at the church in Marlboro when he was twenty years old. Most certainly he was acquainted with the place, for in 1773 when he was twenty-six years old he married Lucy Knapp of that place.

Here we find another mystery. His intentions to marry were filed in Petersham, Mass.; he owned land in Hubbardston, an adjoining town. He lived for twelve years at Athol, another settlement that bordered on Petersham. Here four children were born.

This was the period of the Revolutionary war. Times were hard, controversial and uncertain. At any time when a crisis appeared there came a call for more men to rally at some important point. And men from all walks of life dropped their ploughs or their business, to volunteer for a few days or weeks or more as the need might be. At the time of the crisis at Bennington, Vermont, Silas answered the call to arms. The records state, "Silas Rice, private, Capt. John Boynton's Co., Col. Nathan Sparhawk's reg't. Entered service July 27, 1777. Discharged Aug. 29, 1777. Forty days service under Col. Jacob Cushing on expedition to Bennington. Including travel 113 miles home." Not a long nor a distinguished term of service, but it altered the whole course of life for Silas

Rice and his children. So often in our lives events that seem unimportant in themselves cast an influence into the future far beyond the scope of imagination.

Silas had never been that way before; the green hills of Vermont must have seemed to him almost like a glimpse of Paradise. Having by nature and inheritance a roving spirit, Silas Rice wanted to move on. Possibly Lucy didn't want to leave her home and the friends she knew; perhaps it was hard to find a buyer for the Athol property and acquire a new tract near Bennington. Anyway, eight years passed before the move was made.

Times were hard following the war; the future was uncertain, taxes were high, money almost non-existent; it must have been a struggle for Silas to bring up eight small children in those trouble-ridden years. However, every one else was poor, every family worked and expected the children to do their share. Outside of plain food, sturdy clothing and adequate shelter little else was demanded. The years passed with amazing rapidity and soon the children were grown.

As the years rolled on toward the beginning of the nineteenth century, life took on a new prosperity and a brighter outlook. It made a better education and a good start an advantage. To Benjamin, the youngest of his children, Silas gave his "time" at seventeen. Children's time and earnings to the age of twenty-one in those days belonged by law to the parents, many of whom demanded the obligation to the last day. Silas, however, was glad to release his boy when an opportunity was offered that would give Benjamin more than his parents could provide.

Judge Robinson, a man of considerable property, proposed to take the boy into his home to work for board, clothes and schooling. Young people at that

time attended school only in the winter when there was little farm work that needed attention. At the age of twenty-one Benjamin was to have a new suit of clothes, a small sum of money, and a tract of seventy-five acres of land lying in the township of Enosburg, Vermont.

While Benjamin was living with the Robinsons he met the girl who was to become his wife. She was Matilda Gaby, whose father had been sent over here as a soldier in the British army before the Revolution. When his time expired and the regiment returned to England he had elected to stay in the Colonies and during the war fought the British with whom he had once served.

In the spring of 1806 just after his twenty-first birthday Benjamin set out by horse back on his one hundred-thirty-mile journey to his new property. Here he felled trees, built a cabin and cleared land until late in the fall, when he returned to Bennington. On New Year's day he and Matilda were married. For a little over a year they remained in Bennington until Benjamin could earn enough to purchase needed stock and tools. The next spring the young couple with their five-months-old baby went by horse and sleigh up to the little new log cabin that was their own.

Here in Enosburg ten more children were born to them; here they spent their days in quiet work-filled contented living. Soon they were middle-aged and their children were grown. Most of the girls married in Vermont and raised families there. George, Silas, John and James followed the urge of their ancestors and pioneered to the newly opened middle west, settling in Iowa.

Most of Grandfather Silas' children had scattered; Nabby lived at Rush, Pennsylvania, Joel went to Con-

don, South Carolina, Asa and two married sisters lived at Fort Ann, New York; Betsy married the editor of a newspaper in Bennington and was contented to "Stay put;" Abijah took up land at Enosburg.

When Silas and Lucy grew too feeble to carry on by themselves Abijah and Benjamin took them up to Enosburg, where in a small house their sons built for them they passed their declining years.

All of the four ons of Benjamin living in the raw pioneering days of the middle west lived interestingly, dangerously and well. George was the first to make the break. From the time he was fourteen when he had heard a talk by a missionary returned from Burma he was filled with a zeal for an education and an opportunity to serve his fellow man. He attended Bennington Academy, Johnson Academy and the University of Vermont, working his way most of the time. When part way through the university he went to Virginia to teach planters' children, a trip that took two weeks time (about 1840). Here the cruelty of slavery made a lasting impression upon him. Even a love affair could not hold him in the South. After a year he returned, finished at the University and at Union Theological Seminary and went to Iowa as a home missionary. His wife was a school teacher who introduced the graded system into the Chicago schools.

Their life in Iowa was filled with hardships and discouragements. Log cabins, loneliness, poor roads, swollen streams, heat, dust, cold, Indians and wolves all combined to try their patience. And that was not all. The coarse crude rough life of the pioneer towns was difficult to cope with. They encountered a general indifference to religion and often a sneering contempt,

for it is often hard for people to believe that a man of God can be a man's man after all.

This couple did a wonderful work in this new country building schools and church groups. At the age of one hundred and three Mr. Rice said to a reporter, "Cleanliness of soul and an unfailing belief in my God have helped me to live until this day. Tell the people that the modest family prayer means more than is usually thought. Every thing must be orderly, their minds, their thoughts, their actions. This world never needed it quite so much as it does at present." Undying wisdom, and ever true.

John, the next to the youngest son of Benjamin, studied to be a doctor and he too set out for Iowa where doctors were few and the need was great. Silas, an older brother and his wife arrived at this time by covered wagon. He was a stonemason by trade and an experienced logger. His wife's sister came out to Iowa as a teacher. She had known John back home and of course they fell in love and were married. James the youngest brother followed the others. He was engaged to a girl back home but was foot-loose for the time being. He freighted across the plains to the Pike's Peak area having several hair-raising experiences. When the war between the States broke out he enlisted and died of malaria. Dr. John, although having a family of young children, went as a doctor. Silas died soon after and Doctor John became the rock on whom both families depended until the children were grown.

Of these children several remained in the Middle West, two went to California, two to Idaho. Thus this Rice family, starting in Marlboro in the early days carried the tradition of the family across the entire country, seeking the land that lay ahead until at last they reached the borders of the west.

Chapter VII

FROM BROOKFIELD TO GEORGIA

THE young people brought up in the lusty settlement at Brookfield moved to many far away places, their children's children populating not only Vermont and going on to the West, but going to the South, too.

Obadiah Rice had eleven children, eight of whom lived to grow up. Of this family only one, Obadiah Junior seemed to have restless feet. He married in 1771 Hannah Hill and they remained in Brookfield throughout the war years. Some time after 1783 he with his wife and six children moved up into Vermont which had lured so many of the family with its quiet meadows and serene rolling hills. Obadiah settled at Hartland on the Connecticut River. His oldest daughter Persis was about fourteen at the time.

At about the same time to Hartland came Daniel Davison with his family from Pomfret, Connecticut. Daniel had served in the French and Indian war as well as the Revolution. He was of Scotch descent, his ancestor having been taken prisoner at the battle of Dunbar and exiled to America. It was only natural that his son Silas should fall in love with Persis Rice who lived nearby.

Silas Davison became a minister and in 1791 when Persis Rice was nineteen and Silas was twenty-four they were married and went to Greensboro to serve the little new church there. They did not remain in that place for long, for we find them soon at Waterford, Vermont where their son Paul was born in 1795.

In those days a minister, if fitted for his job, often

spent his entire lifetime in one small town where he was preacher, teacher, and counselor, baptising babies, sitting up with the sick and bringing spiritual comfort to the bereaved. This was the case with Silas Davison. He and Persis spent all their lives in this little place among the people whom they loved and who had grown to depend upon them.

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Their son Paul married a girl from Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the river and soon had a little son Paul. When the baby was only a year old his father died. Before many years the young widow remarried and evidently Paul was brought up in comfortable circumstances, for he was educated to be a doctor.

Again the far-off fields beckoned another Rice descendent, and the young physician went to Georgia where in 1843 he married a Southern belle, Drusilla Jackson. She was a granddaughter of General Abraham Jackson of Savannah and a great niece of James Jackson, a veteran of the Revolution and an early Governor of Georgia.

Dr. Paul Davidson — the 'd' got added at some time — had a comparative short life, also, dying at thirty-nine before the family was grown. Paul's descendants are some of the finest families in the South. One son, following his father's example became a physician. His great grandchildren most of whom live in Georgia hold positions of eminence and responsibility in teaching, medicine and buiness, all of them a credit to their far-off grandmother, Persis Rice who was a little girl in Brookfield, Massachusetts during the long years of the Revolutionary war.

Chapter VIII

THE RICES AND THE MINING INDUSTRY

THERE are a few additional stories of the grandsons of Edmund Rice, settlers of Worcester, which have not been told.

Even before the settlement at Sudbury, colonists had established several towns in Connecticut, and the Connecticut path which was one of the few outlets to that vicinity became in the following years a frequently traveled way. Edmund Rice's home by the spring lay on this trail.

It seems that Gershom and Jonas, sons of Thomas, had acquired at sometime land at Groton in the county of New London, Connecticut. Gershom was living there in 1698 when his second child was born and for several years thereafter. Here the brothers owned some kind of a mine, for on Sept. 5, 1711, Jonas gave a power of attorney to brother Gershom a part of which reads as follows:

"Concerning any of my lands, swamps or meadow — to preserve and defend the same as fully and absolutely as I myself Could doe if I was personally present: and also to digg and sel any — mine which I have reserved. — and to receive for me and for my proper use any sum or sums of money as he my said attorney shall agree with any person or persons for any part of said mine."

Gershom and Jonas, then, may have been the first members of the Rice family to engage in the speculative business of mining.

Incidentally, notice in passing, how good is the spelling in the document quoted. Jonas Rice was a smart

man for his day; he became the first school teacher in the little settlement at Worcester and was a prominent citizen there as long as he lived. The surviving records in his hand writing are all well spelled and written in a very legible script.

After Jonas settled at Worcester he was engaged in another mining operation. The Quinsigamond tract extended nearly twelve miles from north to south and six from east to west, including what was later incorporated as Worcester, Holden, and parts of Auburn, Paxton and West Boylston. The earliest settlements were in the southern part of the grant near the present centre of Worcester and extending toward Auburn. The northern part which was known as 'Worcester north half' was all wilderness.

In his explorations Jonas Rice discovered at some time during the first ten years of living in the settlement a deposit of limestone in this northern section. In March of 1723 the prorietors passed a vote granting "Encouragement to the first finder of limestones and undertaker of the burning lime for the supplying of the town." A committee was appointed to draw up an agreement with Jonas Rice. It provided that Jonas was to have a patent for fifty acres of land for seven years and was allowed to cut all the wood he needed in common land; everybody else was forbidden to mine the limestone during those seven years. Jonas was to pay the town two pence per bushel for the lime he took out and the price to the inhabitants was set at twelve pence per bushel. Jonas was to get at the business of burning the lime as speedily as possible and must supply all inhabitants of Worcester with what they wanted before selling the product to any one outside the colony. Who says that monopolies and price setting are a twentieth century invention? With things

all his own way Jonas did not run much risk with this mining operation and no doubt made some money.

Chapter IX

THE RICE FAMILY AT HOLDEN

THE proprietors, anxious to have people settle in the northern part of the Worcester grant, voted to divide the outlying land into plots of sixty and one hundred acres. This was parceled out among those already owning land, the settlers drawing lots out of a hat to determine the order in which they should choose their lots. Those drawing first for the sixty acre lots were last in the drawing for the larger plots.

On this list were several of the Rice family, Joshua, Gershom, Gershom, Jr., Ephraim, Josiah, Thomas, Jonas, and Elisha; others drew upon the two rights of James Rice. There were several instances of men drawing for the rights of others, the inference being that original settlers sold their rights in the north section to those who wished to buy into the new division. Among the names of those sharing in the drawing on the rights of another was Jonathan Hubbard, a grandon of Samuel Rice of whom more will be told later.

None of those Rices living in Worcester seem to have settled in this northern part that became Holden. However, Jonathan Rice, the great-grandson of Henry is called of Holden in Ward's genealogy and his son Ezra is listed as serving in the Continental army from that place. A Jonathan Rice served as assessor in 1770 and 71. The census of 1773 shows only two Rice families in that town, they being Elijah and Elijah Jr.

each having six in the family. The older Elijah undoubtedly had settled on the tract drawn by his father Elisha, but was living for several years after the drawing at Shrewsbury. He brought with him his four youngest children, the older daughter having married Edward Goodnow of Princeton. Elijah Jr. married in 1772 a Princeton girl and in Holden had twelve children in the next twenty years.

One of the older Elijah's daughters, Zerviah, married Simon Stickney of Holden. He died a few years later leaving a little daughter Abigail. The young widow then married Thaddeus Colburn of Holden and they moved up to Athens, Vermont. Zerviah is of particular interest because she became the grandmother of Zerah Colburn, the young mathematical wizard whose story is related by Charles Elmer Rice in his amusing book, 'By the name of Rice.'

Several descendants of Deacon Edmund Rice's fifth son, Samuel, were early settlers of Holden, also. Samuel was about four years old when his parents came to Sudbury. When he was grown he married Elizabeth King, a sister of his brother Thomas' wife. In the next eleven years six children were born to them, four at Sudbury and the last two at Marlboro, where Elizabeth died less than a month after the birth of the last baby. This was the child who was "given to brother and sister King for their own" and was always known as Samuel Rice King or Samuel King alias Rice.

The following year Samuel married a widow who had one little boy. She and Samuel had three more children and then she, too, died. Samuel was then forty-one with eight children of whom only two were grown. So once again he entered into matrimony this time choosing Sarah White Hosmer whose husband had

been killed by the Indians at the time of the attack on Sudbury. They had one child and nine years later Samuel died.

The three oldest daughters were married, two of them to Concord boys by the name of Hubbard. Hannah and Jonathan lived at Concord where they had a family of eleven children. Most of these grand-children of Samuel went away from the busy towns to establish themselves in new untamed places.

The Hubbard family were prominent in the settling of Holden, there being several of that name who lived there. On a petition to set off the northern part of Worcester as a separate town the names of Samuel and Joseph Hubbard appear. Joseph was the one who drew for lots on someone else's right and Samuel must have acquired an interest in the locality also. The men of the family served the new town in several capacities over many years, being Selectmen, assessors, Deacons and other officers. In 1752 school was kept for three months at Mr. Joseph Hubbard's house. The 1773 census lists five Hubbard families each containing seven or eight members.

Following the Revolutionary war, people were expereincing a serious depression, though they didn't know what to call it. Money was almost non-existent and nearly every one was in straightened circumstances. The minister often had to accept articles of food and other commodities as part of his salary. The Rev. Mr. Avery of Holden kept an account in 1782 of what he received, containing these interesting items:

"From Deac. Hubbard a piece of beef; a pail of soap; a loaf of bread; a few candles, two quarts of milk; a cheese and four pounds of butter."

"Of Lieut. Hubbard a piece of beef, a cheese, and some malt."

Captain Samuel Hubbard contributed a leg of pork and a spare rib, and Mrs. Elisha Hubbard, some flax.

After Shay's rebellion it was voted at Holden that a petition be sent to the Governor asking clemency and restoration of rights for those who had taken part in the up-rising. A long and wordy protest was drawn up by those who opposed this move, signed by thirty men among whom were Jonas, Joseph, Joseph Jr., Tilly and Samuel Hubbard. These Hubbards were real descendants of Deacon Rice in thought and deed, though their names were not Rice.

Chapter X

THE RICE FAMILY SETTLE RICEBURG, CANADA

THE sixth child of Elijah Rice Jr., was Martin, born about 1780 at Holden. When he was grown he married a home-town girl, Lucy Wheeler, who undoubtedly carried a strain of the Rice blood; this young couple are said to have lived for a while in the nearby town of Leicester.

By 1800 the large tracts of land were being pretty thickly settled in Vermont, New Hampshire and New York, according to the standards of that day, so Martin decided to go a little farther off where he would have more room to expand and not be bothered by neighbors. About 1808 he secured a large tract of land in Canada about forty miles southeast of Montreal. This was not so very far beyond the boundaries of Vermont.

Taking his wife and their two little children, he

went out to hew a new home place from the wilderness. Other settlers followed before long and soon another town was born. It was called Riceburg after its first settler. Nine more children were born here to Martin and Lucy. They worked hard and prospered and when the children were grown Martin set each of his sons up in a business of his own, a store, a cabinet shop, a grist mill or a farm.

In 1849 three of these Rice boys who had married local girls felt the irresistible stirring of adventure. It ran in the family. Married or not, why should they give up an opportunity to look at far-away places? Father Martin knew how they felt and doubtless encouraged them in their decision. Leaving their wives in Riceburg, they joined the California gold rush. They stayed away three years, bringing home a lot of experience and many hair-raising tales, but no gold. But they had had their fling and settled down to become prosperous and dependable citizens. Nearly all of these sons and daughters of Martin Rice scattered from the home town. They had homes in Stanbridge, Montreal and other places in Canada; they went to Michigan and Wisconsin. One grandson, Windsor Volney Rice much later became Mayor of Salt Lake City. Several other grandchildren lived in California. Thus another branch of our family could not be content until they, too, had viewed the broad Pacific.

Chapter XI

TO WARWICK, MASSACHUSETTS AND THE MIDDLE WEST

SAMUEL RICE'S fourth son was Edmund named for his grandfather. It was this Edmund's children, Silas and Timothy who were carried away from Marlboro by the Indians, who also killed little Nahor not far from home. As if this were not enough trouble for Edmund and Ruth Parker Rice, the baby Moses died a couple of months later. Only eleven-year-old Dinah and three-year-old Huldah remained to them from their family of six. But grief lessens with time, and the next year little Seth was born, followed by five other children, four of whom lived.

This little boy Seth, "the eldest now with me," inherited from his father in 1726 half of the farm, his seventeen-year-old brother Eleazer having the other half. Seth marrying Dorothy Robinson, continued to live on the home farm now a part of Westboro. They had seven children. Seth was a church Deacon and lived to be ninety-one, his wife living to be ninety-three.

The years rolled away and the children were grown. Seth's oldest son Edmund married Hannah Gasset of Hopkinton. She was a descendant of French Hugenots who had settled in Massachusetts at an early date. They continued to live on at Westboro where Edmund died just at the outbreak of the Revolution only forty-five years old, leaving six sons and daughters, three of them still small.

The year before Edmund's death the oldest son

Simeon had married Hannah Whipple, a town girl. Like his first ancestor, he found the home town too crowded and sought more room to expand in the little settlement at Warwick, Massachusetts. Warwick is a pretty little town on the top of a hill, whose sunny fields are surrounded by deep woodlands, but it is many miles from Westboro, and in 1774 must have been isolated and lonely indeed.

Simeon had been a Minute man in Captain Brigham's company at Westboro and may have served in the same capacity in this new place. His brother Edmund lived in Warwick with him for a while, then married a Hubbardston girl and went there to live. His sister Hannah married Jonathan Whipple, probably his wife's brother and that couple settled at Marlboro, New Hampshire, not too many miles from Warwick.

Simeon and Hannah had only three children, Samuel, Dorothy and Edward Whipple Rice. Like his father, Simeon lived to be only thirty-eight, dying in 1790 before the family were grown.

Some time during the years Simeon's mother must have come up to Warwick on a visit, for in 1782, seven years after her husband's death she married Moses Leonard of Warwick. He was a widower with several children. We quote a part of his will showing the sort of provisions thaat were usually made for elderly people; while not a member of the Rice family, this old lady had been a Rice widow before her remarriage.

"Being sick and weak, yet of sound mind I give and bequeath to my dear wife Hannah all my household furniture and as long as she remain a widow the sole use and improvements of the lower room and the chamber over it and the cellar under it. The use of the oven in the kitchen — son Samuel to keep a horse for

his Mother to use to go to meeting or elsewhere and to keep one good cow for her use winter and summer, and every December to give her 5 score good pork, 6 bushels Indian corn, 3 bushels of rye, 2 bushels of good wheat, 1 bushel of salt, ½ bushel of malt, ½ bushel of white beans and in every October 3 bushels of potatoes, 2 bushels of turnips and annually in June 5 pounds of good washed wool."

When Simeon Rice's daughter Dorothy was twenty-one in 1801, she married Ebenezer Rand of Vermont. He may have been a young man from a neighboring town, for Warwick is close to the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. The story of their early years is shrouded in mystery. Undoubtedly they moved on to Vermont or New York, as so many others were doing. Some where along the way eight children were born to them.

The first record we find of them is at Utica, New York where they buried little Augusta. Their daughter, marryng John Babcock, lived at Willoughby, Ohio, indicating that Ebenezer and Dorothy Rice Rand were living there at that time. Certainly pioneer blood ran in their veins, for one son, Socrates, when a young man went out to Illinois. Here he acquired land not far from Chicago, built a log cabin, cleared his fields and traded with the Indians. Later he built a little new house and grist mill, sold land to other settlers, and helped build the roads and develop the small settlement. This village was at first called 'Rand' after the founder, but the name was later changed to Des Plaines.

When Socrates became well established he returned home to Ohio and brought back with him his entire family, the parents, his two sisters, Hannah and Harriet, and brother John. One brother had died in in-

fancy; brother Augustus had a roving disposition, never maried and was drowned on a boat crossing Oakland Bay, California.

John Rand had a farm in Des Plaines, but never strong, died young. Sister Hannah married a young man of Des Plaines by the name of Rudd. Hannah's grandson, Harley Schlagel, has been a familiar figure at the meetings of our family for several years.

Socrates Rand was quite a character, honest and upright in his dealings, independent of thought and very strong-minded. When he was forty-five he married the beautiful Fanny Wicker from a wealthy Chicago family. She was twenty-seven and a school teacher. She was a proud, aristocratic woman always beautifully dressed. Clothes meant less to Socrates who had had to work his way. He was middle-aged, and Yankee-sot, and was not inclined to be pushed around by his young wife.

At one time they were to go out to a church reception. Fanny in her silks and laces swished into the parlor to meet Socrates, also in his best, but to her dismay she spied in his shoes coarse leather laces which he delighted to use.

"Socrates, you are not going to the reception in those shoe laces," she admonished him. "Go and change them immediately."

To which Socrates is said to have replied, "I'll go with these laces or I won't go at all." And probably he did.

At another time a soldier was boarding with them and Socrates did not like the attention Fanny was giving him; to prevent her going out one evening with the boarder he tore up her best silk dress.

On another occasion Socrates was on a committee to arrange some special function at the church. The

minister who was to offer prayer insisted on using a prayer that Socrates did not think proper for a mixed group. The minister would not change the prayer and Socrates would not change his mind; so he resigned from the committee and stayed home.

Of such things were the many descendants of Edmund Rice made. Decision, truth, fair dealing and courage to venture have built this country into what it is today. These same characteristics can keep it safe through the centuries ahead.

Chapter XII

REVEREND JACOB RICE

THIS a story of what happened to one of the descendants of the seventh child of the seventh child of Edward Rice, second son of the Deacon.

Edward's seventh child Jacob was four years old when his father moved to Marlboro. He married a girl named Mary, who like many other girls of that time lost her identity with marriage. There in Marlboro they brought up their family of nine children, the oldest four of whom were among those Rices who went to Brookfield. The seventh child, Jacob, married Hannah Howe and went no farther than the next town of Westboro where they in turn had eight children. Of the five who lived to grow up four married neighbor boys and girls and stayed nearby.

In the heart of the sixth child, Jacob, named for his father and grandfather, the light of a different ambition burned. Instead of settling down to agricultural pursuits he went to Harvard College where he was graduated in 1765 as a minister of the gospel.

A relative, Captain Eliakim Howe, had settled at Henniker, New Hampshire, being the second inhabitant of the place. He persuaded Rev. Jacob Rice to go up there as first minister of the little church just being formed.

At the first town meeting held in November 1768 it was voted by the inhabitants of Henniker that they accept "Mr. Jacob Rice to be their Gospel Minister and to give him 30 pounds settlement and 30 pounds yearly for four years, — then 35 pounds for four more years, then 40 pounds until there were seventy families in town, — then 50 pounds yearly until there were ninety families, 60 pounds until there were one hundred ten families, then 66 pounds 13 shillings and 4 pence yearly! How those early generations counted the pennies! Perhaps it would be better if we followed their example — part way. The town also voted to allow Rev. Jacob two Sabbaths after the first year to be absent from his people during his time as minister. He was to begin to preach on October 24, 1768, and "While he is absent in the winter season his wages will cease until he starts again."

During the first year Jacob boarded at the home of Captain Howe and most of the services were held in Mr. Howe's house. The town had voted to erect a meeting house thirty feet long by twenty wide and the building was used before the roof was put on. There were about one hundred seventy-five people in town at that time scattered over a wide area. The account of that first meeting states that Mr. Rice "in a fervent and impressive prayer thanked God for what had been accomplishd that at least a place had been established in which this people could meet for worship." The Deacon lined off the hymns, "Mr. Rice delivered a very eloquent discourse, indoctrinating the minds of

his hearers with those old Puritanic principles out of which came their reverence for the Sabbath and religious things which united the hearts of all to do and dare for the right." After an intermission they had another similar service in the afternoon.

In the fall of the next year Jacob Rice made the journey back to Marlboro to marry the girl who had been waiting for him. She was Ruth Goddard whose brother had married Jacob's older sister. Undoubtedly a home was waiting for the bride back in Henniker. In most instances the town set aside a lot for the minister's house. However, in this case Jacob may have built a house of his own, for Jacob's father owned land in Henniker which he left to his son in his will. There is an old house still standing in that town bearing a marker which says that it was the home of the first minister, Jacob Rice.

Jacob and Ruth were very happy during their first years in the little settlement. It was a beautiful situation on rolling hills with a view of quiet green valleys and majestic woodlands in all directions. Jacob was busy in the service of his neighbors and church; there were crops to plant and the home to improve; and children came to widen the family circle.

But life was not to run smoothly for this young couple. In 1773 Jacob fell sick withh a severe attack of the measles. Even comparatively slight illnesses could prove fatal in those days and many common diseases left the victims impaired in health for life. That was what happened to Rev. Jacob. He never fully recovered from this illness and his sight was much impaired. Often he was obliged to be absent from the pulpit, which meant an inconvenience and sacrifice on the part of his parishioners to whom the Sunday service was most important. To Jacob and his family it

meant a scanty living, for his salary was less than a pound a week when he was working full time. His health remained precarious; naturally dissatisfaction grew among some of the church members. Even in a group devoted to religious matters there is a strange lack of charity.

Finally a committee was appointed to wait upon Rev. Jacob Rice to demand that he either preach, hire someone to do it for him, or resign. Worried and discouraged by the handicaps that God had placed upon him at the very beginning of his ministry, the fault finding and lack of forbearance of those whom he desired to serve must have hurt him deeply. Some compromise was reached and he continued as minister a few years longer. In 1782 the church voted to dismiss him. The older settlers who had first engaged him continued to be his friends and supporters. He stayed on in Henniker preaching when he could and tilling his farm until in 1806, when he received a call to the church in Brownfield, Maine.

Mrs. Rice had died in 1799. It is probable that his daughter Ruth and her husband and possibly others of the family were living at Brownfield at that time. Undoubtedly he lived with one of his children and received only a small stipend on account of his poor health. The records state that Mr. Rice was highly esteemed by his friends; that to him more than to any other the town of Henniker owes its school system; that his voice was often raised in the little meeting house during the doubtful days of the Revolution addressing his fellow townsmen with words of encouragement and wisdom when they were leaving for the scenes of war.

In Brownfield Jacob spent the rest of his life preaching when he could, serving his church people conscien-

tiously and well. There one Sunday morning in 1824 he was stricken in the pulpit with apoplexy. On his headstone is this epitaph:

"One Sabbath day while at his post
He fell and yielded up the ghost;
One half his message not yet said
Ere he was numbered with the dead."

Chapter XIII

ON TOWARD THE WEST FROM HENNIKER

JACOB and Ruth Rice had seven children in Henniker. One daughter married and went to Virginia; four others lived at some time or other at Brownfield. Two of these, Calvin and Eber, with their families went out to Ohio in 1817.

It is of the family of the oldest son, Shuthelah, that there are tales to tell. Shuthelah G. Rice born in 1773 about the time that his father became ill, married a girl by the name of Margaret. She must have had a pretty tough time, for eight children appeared with amazing regularity and Shuthelah, like his father, was never well. Beginning with Fannie, there were Lapantha, Hannibal, Shuthelah M., Thomas Jefferson, Betsy and finally Elbridge.

Because Shuthelah was unable to support this family the boys were "bound out" at an early age, a common custom in those days. Shuthelah Jr. when he grew up was ordained as a Baptist minister. He also learned the hatter's trade in Camden, Maine, where he married. After a short time he sold his hat business and with his brother Hannibal bought several sailing ships that plied between the United States and Europe,

mostly with cargo. This shipping business was a successful enterprise. Hannibal Rice remained a sea captain all his life, sailing the seas until after his eightieth birthday. Of medium height, muscular and athletic, he stood straight as an arrow; he had dark brown hair, a stubby beard and moustache and piercing blue eyes that his great-nephew says could look a hole right through you.

In 1845 Shuthelah sold his interest in the shipping business and started west. Just outside the little village of Chicago he bought several large tracts of land with the money he had from the sale of the business. The next year he sent for his wife and children, who traveled by the Erie Canal and the slow overland stages. It was very damp on the low lands where Shuthelah had settled with hordes of mosquitoes, and the family was sick all the time with "ague fever." After a year they moved on to Michigan. Here Shuthelah served as a circuit rider for the Baptist church until he died in 1848. The land around Chicago developed slowly and Shuthelah's land was worth very little. After his death one of his brothers sold it off in forty acre plots for little more than it had cost.

Shuthelah and his wife had six children all born in Camden, Maine; one of the sons tried to enlist in the army during the Civil war and finally was accepted as a messenger boy in the cavalry under General Custer. As the personal messenger of the General he went through several hair-raising experiences. On one occasion he rode into Washington with a message for President Lincoln, leaving his horse tied to the hitching rail outside the White House. When he came out his mount had disappeared, whereupon he 'borrowed' the best looking horse he could find and rode him throughout the rest of the war. James Rice received

several citations for bravery under fire. He passed on the story that all of General Custer's soldiers wore bright red neckties both in and out of battle.

Another son of the invalid father was Thomas Jefferson Rice. He was bound out when only five to a family by the name of Hawkins. By the time he could remember they were living near Herkimer, New York. This family were kind to the boy and gave him a good education. When he was about eighteen he decided he would like to be a lawyer. He was able to borrow law books which he studied evenings lying on the floor in front of the fire place, reading by firelight. On his twenty-first birthday Mr. Hawkins gave him four eight-cornered gold slugs each worth fifty dollars, also his favorite saddle horse. The family told him he might remain with them doing farm chores for his board. In the winters he taught school, studying evenings all the time. Two years later he went to Marcellus, New York where he entered the law office of an aging lawyer.

When Thomas Jefferson Rice was admitted to the bar in 1830 he married Betsy Olmstead and soon had a successful law practice in Marcellus. But like many another young man by the name of Rice he had to move on. Leaving his wife and baby, he went to Buffalo, worked his way on a Great Lakes freighter to Toledo, then a small village. From there he started out on foot for Michigan. In September he came to a beautiful lake, learned from some friendly Indians that there were settlers nearby, and seeking them out, bought one hundred acres of land along the lake. That fall and winter he finished a cabin and barn and cleared land for crops; in the spring he sent for Betsy and little Jay. They traveled by boat up the Erie canal to De-

troit where Thomas J. met them with a borrowed ox-cart to take them home.

As the settlement grew Thomas practised law when there was any business, dabbled in real estate and wrote. He built himself a small cabin a little distance from the house where he could think in peace because he said his wife talked too much. She, also, was a writer and had poems published in several magazines of the day.

Thomas Jefferson Rice was a man of profound convictions and like many of his relatives was always ready to speak his mind. He thought deeply and was said by some to be one hundred years ahead of his time. He scoffed at spiritualism, but predicted mental telepathy, at a distance, voices from afar through esoteric waves, men flying through the air and destructive forces impossible then to vision. How true were his prophecies!

This member of the family lived a very full life and had many interesting experiences. At one time he sold a flour mill to a friend who gave him a hundred dollar watch as down payment, promising to return the next day with the remaining seventeen hundred dollars. Mr. Rice, trusting his friend's word, gave him the deed that night. On the way home the man was thrown from his horse and killed. His relatives refused to honor the debt and the court upheld them. Mr. Rice was disappointed at their lack of faithful dealing, and when a few months later the mill burned without insurance he was always inclined to think it was a just retribution. Mr. Rice carried the watch for many years alway referring to it as his eighteen hundred dollar watch.

During the Civil war a friend came to him asking him to keep some money for him, as the banks were

shaky. Soon others came to him on the same errand. It was a burden Mr. Rice did not like to assume, neither did he feel that he could refuse. He hid the money in the cellar of his office building and either he or his son stayed on the premises day and night. When peace came, over seven thousand dollars was returned to the owners or their heirs and Thomas Jefferson Rice refused to accept any compensation.

Mr. Rice drew many legal papers for P. T. Barnum during his lifetime. One night before they had ever met, Barnum appeared at the hotel in Utica where the lawyer was staying during a court session. Barnum, a poor young man just starting out, was seedily dressed. He asked Mr. Rice for the loan of his good bearskin coat to wear to New York where Barnum expected to get financial backing for his venture. Mr. Rice, remembering his own young days, let the young man take the coat; he never saw it again. Fifteen years later he received from P. T. Barnum a check for fifteen hundred dollars and a free pass for the whole family to the circus whenever they could attend. On a note Mr. Barnum wrote "The best fifteen hundred I ever spent." Thomas Jeff Rice, Mr. Rice's grandson, says that the family never missed the circus when it was in Ann Arbor. He says also, "P.T. always sat at the entrance to the tent, and shook hands with all that offered, only using one finger. When as a kid I tried to get hold of two fingers he would laugh and shake all over, as he was quite fat."

Mr. Rice had only three sons; — Jay who came to Michigan as a very small boy died at thirty-two leaving five little children; Mark, a promising lawyer, died at twenty-five; the third son, Hugh, was the

father of Thomas Jefferson Rice who has furnished many of his interesting family stories.

The first Thomas Jefferson Rice lived to be well over eighty, seeing thriving cities grow where once only woods had been. He was buried in the cemetery at Hamburg, Michigan which he and a few other old families established a generation before.

Chapter XIV

ANOTHER RICE FAMILY OF HENNIKER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

CHARLES RICE, brother of Ashurand Adonijah, married Rachel Wheeler and had ten children at Marlboro and Westboro. He was a soldier much of his life. Two of his sons took up land at Hardwick, Mass., some of the children moved on to Vermont, and three more went to Brookfield. One son, Adonijah, was killed in the Revolutionary War. His daughter Anna who married her cousin Ebenezer died in far-away Nova Scotia where they had gone to settle.

Charles' fifth son Elijah married Sarah Shattuck of Worcester in 1744. She was the daughter of Martha Sargent whose father Digory was killed by the Indians. Martha and her brothers were kept captive in Canada for some time and had many strange stories to tell her grandchildren. After producing five children, Sarah died. Elijah soon remarried and the couple had five more children at Westboro.

When the baby was a year old Elijah moved his family up to Henniker, New Hampshire. His two older children, Daniel and Martha, had married Sarah

and Solomon Childs and went with their father or soon afterwards. One more child was added to Elijah and Prudence's family at Henniker and there they all grew up. Only three of the family had less than the ten children noted by Charles Elmer Rice as the standard for Rice productivity.

The third son was Elijah who married twice and had eleven children. Elijah was at the battle of Bunker Hill and saw much service during the war, being commissioned an ensign. He purchased one hundred acres of land where the village of Henniker now is for forty dollars, paying for it with two pair of steers. In addition to farming he was a carpenter by trade.

Elijah's third child and first son was Isaac, born in 1784. It is a family story that he had his first pair of shoes at the age of ten. He was thirteen when his mother died; since he was big enough to work and there were five smaller boys in the family, his father put him out to his Uncle Alexander Patterson where he lived until he was twenty-one. In addition to attending school, he was taught by Mrs. Patterson who was a teacher, and he attended High school for two years. When he was of age his uncle gave him a pair of steers which Isaac sold and never got paid for. He taught school in Henniker and other places for several years, and became the first postmaster of the town in 1811, a position he held for thirty years, the post office being in the Rice house. He was Select man for eight years and town clerk for a long term. He lived to be ninety-two. In 1815 he married Betsy Sibley from the next town of Hopkinton. Unlike most of his relatives he had only two children, Hiram and Elizabeth.

Hiram remained in Henniker where he was a Select man and school teacher and principal of the Academy. His sister married in 1843 a friend of Hiram's, Isaac

Stewart. Isaac had a touch of wanderlust in his blood. When he was twenty years old he set out for Ohio where he had relatives to find a position as a school teacher. Since the account of some of his experiences provide us with an insight into the way of life in Ohio at that time, and since many of the Rices were living in that vicinity, we quote from the letters he wrote to his friend and future brother-in-law, Hiram Rice.

The first letter is dated Martinsville, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1836. "I will commence by saying that my journey was much more tedious and fatiguing than I expected. I was sixteen days on the road and water — My route was as follows: I first went to Saratoga Springs, then took the rail road for Schenectady which was twenty two miles and cost $1.25. There took canal boat for Buffalo, distance 334 miles for one and one half cents a mile and boarded myself, which was cheapest, as grocers where a person could buy any kind of cold victuals were numerous. I arrived at Buffalo in six days from the time I left Schenectady and then took a steam boat for Cleveland where I arrived in twenty seven hours. Here I took a packet and came to Hebron on which I gave three and one half cents a mile, and then a stage and went to Columbus, then took stage for Chillicothe; the remainder of the way ninety-five miles I went by foot." Quite a walk!

"This is the country for a farmer, mechanic or trader." Isaac went on to say that the farmers raised mostly wheat and pork; that the people had little ingenuity besides splitting nails and building log houses, so that there was a good demand for mechanics. The merchants bought at high prices in Cincinnati, but sold at fifty or one hundred percent profit.

He continued, "I never was more pleased than while making the bargain with the (school) directors;

they found that I was a Yankee and then they were anxious that I should teach, and they did not dare to have me neither, for fear that I should play some trick upon them; — We were five hours making the bargain which was fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. A verbal bargain would not answer, but we had it in black and white. I received sixteen dollars per month and am boarded which is one dollar more than I know of any other person getting. Many keep for ten or twelve.

"The scholars are much more ignorant than at the East, though naturally as quick to learn. A person coming to this country must not expect to find a race of ignorant sap-headed people — though in regard to refinement and general information and good society are much, very much inferior to the Eastern.— Marriages take place here in the neighborhood every week — births much oftener; but why it is such a place for making additions to the human family I know not, unless it is owing to the richness of the soil. Quiltings are numerous and when there is one the gentlemen are invited but bring axes instead of needles and go chopping. They stop and spend the night singing songs and boyish plays."

In another letter Isaac says, "The first settlement here was made about thirty years ago. The houses are about four fifths log, with not more than two rooms and many not over one;— and as for chambers or garrets, few pretend to have them." — "People of small families not more than four or five in number kill and lay up six or seven hogs for their own eating. People here think they cannot make a meal without pork. At every meal pork is served and if it is not all eaten any remnant goes into soap grease. We don't pretend to eat a meal without warm bread, generally

wheat, several kinds of meat victuals, several kinds of sauce, but few pies and coffee strong enough to bear an egg. Many people drink milk and some prefer sour milk to sweet. At most places you might board weeks without seeing a potato. Mutton and geese are not considered fit to eat by most people. As for new rum, people know not what it is, but they know whiskey all too well."

"A little about courting if you please, sir. If a gentleman doesn't pay attention to at least three or four girls at the same time he is considered of no courage and a girl who has not as many suitors thinks she is not respected. They tell me (I know nothing about it), that when a gentleman goes to see his dear, all the talk and courting has to be done in the room before her father and mother. When it gets bedtime they retire to rest not in the same bed but often in the same room and the next morning after it gets light they set off for home. If you know any ladies anxious to exchange their state of celibacy for a married life, tell them this is not only the land of promise but of performance."

Isaac Stewart, having seen enough of Ohio, returned and became a Baptist Minister. Then he married Elizabeth Rice and they settled down to long years in the service of the church and community in New England, the home of ther ancestors.

Chapter XV

THE RICE FAMILY IN NOVA SCOTIA

THERE are many Rices in Eastern Canada, the majority of whom are descended from those went up

to Nova Scotia to take up land about 1760. One of these was Beriah Rice from Marlboro. He was son of Thomas and Anna Rice, being two years old at the time his brothers Ashur and Adonijah were stolen by the Indians. In 1730 he married Mary Goodnow whose family had intermarried several times with the Rices. They made their home in Westboro where nine children were born to them in the next sixteen years.

It would seem that Beriah Rice might have been well content. He was getting along into his fifties; he had a nice little farm and friends, neighbors and relatives all around him. But no Rice was ever known to pass up a bargain, nor hesitate long over an opportunity to see what lay over the hills that marked the scope of his horizon. So when the good chance came to Beriah, he packed up his family and was off to new scenes.

There is a story that after the British had forced the Arcadians out of Nova Scotia they found themselves with spreading acres of beautiful country, fertile productive lands with nobody to occupy them. They badly needed more people to live in their domains and to help them protect their lands against their enemies. To induce settlement on these farms the land was offered at a low price, possibly for free, to inhabitants of the Massachusetts colony who would move up there to live. This was the bargain that lured Beriah.

It was probably about 1760 when he went to Nova Scotia. His oldest son Judah was twenty-nine or thirty and was married with a wife and small daughter. Asaph, a couple of years younger, had started out as a doctor and practised at Brookfield among his Rice relatives; after a short time his right wrist was broken

and seriously impaired, so he turned to the ministry. The middle children were grown, Lucy and Rachel were seventeen and fifteen; Beriah Jr. and Benjamin were thirteen and eleven. Beriah probably took with him the teenaged girls and the little boys. Judah with his wife and baby went along, too. It was a wonderful chance for a young man just starting out. In Nova Scotia they had eleven other children most of whom married and produced good sized families.

After his father's death Judah sold the farm he had taken up and moved to Stony Beach where he is said to have erected the first house in the locality. Later he went to Briar Island where three of his sons lived and died. In his will he left to his son Stephen all his real estate in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. How he came by all this real estate is a matter of conjecture. Possibly his father Beriah had had these holdings; more likely, he acquired some of these properties in exchange for the farms he sold in Nova Scotia. It is practically certain that Stephen had returned to the land of his forbears to have inherited all this New England property. Beriah's youngest son Benjamin had returned to relatives in Massachusetts and attended Harvard college. He married and settled at Boston but lived only a few years.

The second Beriah married in Nova Scotia about 1775 and had ten children. By his second wife who was named Muckford he had a son Robert Muckford Rice born in 1805. This son grew up to be a true descendant of Edmund Rice, a man of high ideals, strong principles, ability and generosity. He stood six feet tall, broad and muscular, with a ruddy complexion and curly dark hair. The girl he married, Sarah Ingraham, was a little thing but she had snapping black

eyes and ruled her thirteen children and sometimes Robert Rice with a very firm hand.

Robert Muckford Rice built the first grist mill in Cape Breton in 1835; he and his sons also built and operated a saw and shingle mill and a tannery in conjunction with their farming operations. Robert and Sarah were among the twelve people who formed the first Baptist Church in Cape Breton, and Robert's name appears often in the old records as member of a committee to "build a manse for the minister," to "Finance church expenses," as superintendent of the Sunday School or as choirister.

Robert loved a good horse and in old Bess he had a horse who could lead the field. On the way home from church he would often 'let her go.' "Robert," Sarah would say, "You should be ashamed of yourself, horse racing on the Sabbath Day." "It's not my fault," he would object, "I can't hold her back." We presume he didn't try very hard.

Robert and Sarah were always ready to do a kind deed for their neighbors and Sarah had a romantic streak as well. At one time one of the girls had a violent quarrel with her lover, and the boy started off for Halifax to go to sea. After he had departed the girl, deciding that she couldn't live without him, was engulfed in tears. "Robert," said Sarah, "You must go and bring him back." If Sarah said so it had to be done, but undoubtedly Mr. Rice enjoyed the excuse to be going places any way. He set off on horseback through the woods and country "way back of the Beyants," as it was expressed, stopping overnight wherever he found a cabin. When he reached Halifax Robert Musgrave had sailed away, but would be returning; so Grandfather Robert Rice left the letter the girl had entrusted to him and returned home well

satisfied with his errand. The young people were reunited and married on Christmas day.

Four of the Rice children traveled far from home. Two went to Washington, one settled in Massachusetts and one went to Newfoundland. Father Robert liked to travel, too, but Sarah wouldn't move from home. Once Robert Muckford Rice went to New York City and was so intrigued with the place he wanted to stay, but Sarah refused to budge from her old home and friends, so Robert had to return to Bras D'or.

These two people lived together for sixty-two years and died within a few hours of each other. Sarah had been ill in bed for some time when Robert was taken with pneumonia and quickly passed away. She did not ask why he did not come at her call, but seemed to know that he had gone and quietly slipped away. The old horse that had so faithfully carried them around the countryside with more speed than dignity, faded, too, and had to be laid away.

In the history of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, it is stated that eight lots in the eastern division containing 4672 acres of the choicest land in the county were taken up by Beriah Rice and others of that name. Two of the Rice family who went to Nova Scotia with Beriah were Ebenezer and John.

Ebenezer, a grandson of Benjamin, was born in 1809. When he was thirty-four he married Anna Rice, a niece of Beriah. They had seven children at Westboro, after which they moved away. Ward's genalogy states, "possibly to Conway," which is a reasonable guess; twin sons, Joseph and Benjamin had married Green sisters and settled at that place where their descendants are many. However, he elected instead to go with Beriah. His eldest child Ebenezer was about

eighteen and the youngest six when he went to Canada. The record states that he lived in Nova Scotia thirty-two years and that the couple had been married fifty years when he died.

Ebenezer Jr. married a Nova Scotia girl in 1778 and they had three children, Jonas, Levi, and Ann and about twenty grandchildren, which accounts for some of the numerous Rices in Eastern Canada.

The John Rice who went with Beriah was without doubt John, a grandson of Gershom of Worcester. His father Matthias had been one of those who petitioned to have part of Sutton annexed to Worcester. One of Beriah's brothers lived in Sutton, indicating that they were all acquainted. The Ward book also states that he went to Annapolis, N.S. which seems proof enough. He was born in 1739 making him about twenty-one when he accompanied the others on their historic journey, just the right age to wander a bit. There in Nova Scotia he prospered, married twice and had nine children.

The children and grandchildren spread to many places, some following the St. Lawrence inland, some pioneering to unsettled localities nearer the sea; they became Master Mariners, bridge builders mill owners, professional and business men in many lines.

The blood of their first ancestor, Deacon Edmund Rice, runs in many families of various pioneer names in Nova Scotia, and in them lives that spark of integrity, ambition and uprightness which is the family inheritance from Edmund Rice.

Chapter XVI

ONE RICE FAMILY IN IOWA

THIS is a story of not so long ago, told by Eugene Rice, one of our past presidents, and conductor of the yearly tour to the famous spring and the grave-yard where Edmund Rice lies buried.

This story concerns descendants of Elisha, the youngest child of Thomas, whom Mary brought up all by herself. He must have been the one who stayed with his mother when she was getting old, for he did not marry until he was twenty-eight or-nine. He was a proprietor of Worcester but did not move there until 1718 or 19 when the colony had got a pretty good start. The birth of his fifth child is recorded there. That was Elijah, who was one of the settlers of Holden.

Zebulon, his youngest child, married Susannah Allen in 1749 and settled in that part of Lancaster that later became Boylston. There they had seventeen children. Six or seven of these children went over the hills to Ashburnham; six of them went to various places in Vermont, and then when the locality got a little too crowded for them, sought the wider open spaces of New York state.

Eliakim, the fourth child, served in the Revolutionary war, after which he settled at Ashburnham, later going to Hartland, Vermont. He is supposed to have had eight children, the names of only two being known. His brother Reuben was in the war of 1812. He was Commander of the Ashburnham Light Infantry and rose to the rank of Captain. A sword used by him and his hymn book used in the old first church are in the

possession of his great granddaughter, Mrs. Stanley Joslin.

Stephen, one of the middle children of this large family, born in 1765, married Matilda Alden, a descendant of John and Priscilla. They went up to Vermont to settle at Salisbury. Their family consisted of eleven children. One of these children was Alphonzo, born in 1798. He and his wife went to make their home at Brookfield, Vermont where most of their children were born. Their eighth child, George Eldon Rice, was eighteen when the Civil war broke out. He enlisted in the 18th Vermont regiment with a friend Henry Crocker who was killed in the service. After the war George married Henry's sister Mary and they went immediately by train to Fort Atkinson Wisconsin, where George's brother was living.

When the government offered to veterans 160 acre sections of land in the middle west at $1.25 per acre, George thought it was a good chance and took up a section in central Iowa not far from where a sister lived. It was several miles from the little town of Malcom and a wild and lonely place. At night wild horses would gallop around the little cabin until the fences were built, and often Indians came that way. They were not dangerous but they made Mrs. Rice very nervous. After a few years George had a chance to buy a farm at the edge of the village. The family was happy to leave the lonely prairie and to be nearer to neighbors. They were living at this place when the hurricane struck.

On Saturday, June 17, 1882 the thermometer stood at 106 in the shade. All work in the fields had to be stopped on acount of the intense heat. About eight o'clock a heavy thunder storm came up from the East; Mr. Rice, going out to close the barn, saw another

storm approaching from the west and told his wife there would be high winds.

The storms met at Grinnell where it destroyed several college buildings and killed ninety students. Then it bounced and came down just outside Malcom. The eight Rice children were in bed, the three older girls up stairs, the boys in a bedroom at the back of the house. When the wind came the parents called to the girls; Mrs Rice raced for the three-year-old girl and the baby; the father collected the three boys. Just as he grabbed at the knob of the cellar door to lead them all down, the walls broke away and the door sailed through the air carrying Mr. Rice with it. He felt himself being dumped into water. He was at the bottom of a twenty-three-foot well. He rose to the top and found his five-year-old son beside him. He, too, had been blown into the well. By bracing his feet in the crevices and clinging to the water pipe, carrying the small boy on his shoulders, George Eldon Rice managed to reach the top.

There devastation spread around him. Where was the rest of the family? He and the boy crawled to the cellar which was partly protected by some of the flooring. Finding his wife underneath he asked, "Are they all safe?" She dazedly replied, "I haven't counted." George called the roll, which he said reminded him of roll call after battle and they were all there. The girls had landed in a shallow cellar under the ell of the house, the rest in the main cellar, but fortunately not until the sewing machine, the parlor stove and the kitchen range had landed. Eugene, who was thirteen at the time, found himself on top of the stove.

It turned very cold after the storm and they hud-

dled in wet blankets which Mr. Rice rescued from the yard, but in a few hours they were found and taken to the home of relatives. Strange things happen in a tornado; one of a pair of rubber boots was found twenty-five feet away from the house in one direction, the other the same distance in the opposite direction. A milk can was found hanging from a tree almost full of milk. But the strangest thing was how George Eldon Rice was carried through the air clinging to a door, and dumped into a well.

Chapter XVII

THE RICES AND THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION

ONE of the most necessary activities of the settlers besides getting a living from the soil consisted in being ready to fight for their homes and their very lives at an instant's notice. Rice men like all their neighbors often worked in the fields with their guns close at hand and carried their weapons with them when attending church services, for nobody knew when Indians might appear to menace the isolated settlements.

It was necessary to have a few men on duty at all times to be sent to outlying villages whenever the inhabitants needed extra help in protecting themselves. There were never enough men for this duty and they were distributed too sparingly or too late in many instances. It was because the little settlement at Lancaster needed extra soldiers that Rev. Mr. Rowlandson had gone to Boston to plead for help when in

1675 the Indians swept down upon that town, killing and burning and carrying off captives.

Charles Rice of Brookfield and some of his sons were soldiers most of the time. In the winter af 1723-24 Zebediah and Moses from Worcester were posted at the new settlement of Rutland; at the same time Samuel was one of nineteen stationed at Worcester.

The early soldiers were never uniformed and seldom supplied by a committee or commissiary. Every man provided his own gun and ammunition and whatever else was required, receiving a small remuneration from the Colonial government. This item dated 1711-12 proves of interest:

"Ordered that such and so many of the soldiers enlisted in the military companies and troops within the respective towns and districts hereafter named including Framingham shall each of them provide himself with a pair of good snow shoes and moccasins at or before the 10th day of Dec. next coming, on ye penalty of 10 sh. for neglect and for his encouragement in so doing he shall be paid by the Province 7 sh. for the first charge and 2 sh. per year for every year afterward as long as the war shall last; and if any person shall die or remove out of town that was so supplied the officers of the company to which he did belong shall take care to preserve their snow shoes and moccasins."

A bill for snowshoes as rendered by one of our family survives as follows:

Framingham June 12,1712.

To Mr. Treasurer sur be pleased to pay to the bearer hereof the money due me upon the muster rool for snow shoes being under command of Capt. Joseph Bunckminster. Hezekiah Rice."

Hezekiah was eighteen yars old at the time the bill was rendered. There were two Rices named Hezekiah in Framingham, both of whom were in the military service at various times. One was called Hezekiah Jr. to designate him from the other. They were not father and son, but cousins. This was a common custom which has often confused people searching out genealogical lines.

When the Minute men were enrolled at Worcester a covenant was drawn up to be signed by citizens pledging themselves to provide arms and ammunition for the soldiers. Muskets for their use were procured from Boston. The town of Worcester purchased four cannon for the town's protection from Boston. These had to be smuggled out of the seaside town secretly. For this trouble and expense in getting the cannon, Jonathan Rice was voted 2 pounds, 12 shillings and 10 pence. Later as the war dragged on, clothing, arms and other supplies were scarce and hard to procure. Levies had to be laid upon the various settlements for all the necessary supplies. In 1776 at the request of General Washington, a requisition of 598 blankets was made upon the people of "the county" which included Worcester, Lancaster, Rutland and other towns now in Worcester County. The county then being Middlesex contained the towns now comprising that county as well as Worcester County. A year later each town was required to purchase or furnish shirts, stockings and other clothing for the continental army in the proportion of one set for every seven males over sixteen years of age in the population.

When a town was threatened during the Indian troubles the people rushed to assemble at two or three of the houses designated as garrison houses. Many Rice homes served as garrisons in these troubled

times. We cannot realize what life under these conditions must have been. Imagine having a whole neighborhood with half their belongings suddenly crowding into a house none too large for the people it normally contained. Children, babies, old folks, mothers with children about to be born; bundles of food and clothing every where; all the guns and ammunition; stern-faced men stalking in and out, watching at the windows, shouting cautions and commands. All those people to be fed whatever could be prepared, and all of them sleeping rolled in blankets whenever and wherever there was a place to lie down. Picture if you can the discomfort of being packed into the confining space, the confusion, the tension of watching and waiting, the worry over homes and animals that had to be abandoned. The terror when the Indians came shooting flaming arrows at the house, killing some man on guard outside, sending shots through the windows or walls to kill or wound some of those within. The dead laid reverently to one side, the wounded spilling blood over floor and blankets; the women binding wounds, loading muskets for the men, hushing frightened children, all strained, white-faced, stark in the midst of tragedy. This was a part of life those first settlers experienced, courageous by necessity, accepting disasters wrought by danger, disease and death with a stoic concern as a part of the journey through the years. Years that brought them also joy in bounteous harvests, ever widening fields, and the occasional acquisition of some new piece of gleaming pewter; the laughter of their children and grandchildren, the satisfaction of tasks well done, and a very sober worship of their God; — This was the life that many of our ancestors knew.

The menace from the Indians was less serious —

practically non-existent in the more settled parts of the colonies, but troubles and duties still persisted. Freedom was a thing that had to be bought at a price, and every one had a part in the purchasing. Every able bodied man was expected to take his turn serving in the regular military companies or alarm lists. They are said to have enlisted to "do a turn for themselves" or a turn for the town. Bounty and wages differed, and the men were divided into classes according to valuation. Each class was required to supply a man and pay his wages. Delinquents got the amount charged to them on their next tax bill. When a man did a turn for himself he was excused from paying a share and was not called again until all the others on the list had been called.

Long before the outbreak of the Revolution feeling ran high in every town and Rice men like most of the others were quick to resent the unfair conditions imposed by the British government. In 1744 in Marlboro the Select men, Gershom Rice, George Brigham and Cyprian Howe, voted to draw up a covenant of non-consumption of British goods for the people of the town to sign. The record states: "After hearing names of the persons who had not signed the said covenant, the town by a vote ordered that the persons names who had not signed or did not sign by the first of September next, be published to the world by the Committee of Correspondence of the town."

Also, the constables were instructed not to pay the Province tax to the Royal Treasurer but to the Treasurer appointed by the Provincial Congress, and "not to be unmindful of the poor."

This attitude of resentment and defiance of the regulations and taxes imposed by the English King was universal among the colonies, especially in New

England. There were a considerable number of men in every settlement that doubted the wisdom of defiance of the existing government; they had a right to their opinions, and in a way they were right. It was not a question of which government to support, for the British rule was the constituted law of the land. It was to be twenty years before this seething unrest, nourished by more and more regulations and taxes, should burst into open conflict. The fact that the town of Marlboro, so heavily peopled by men of the Rice family, could pass at that early date a vote of non-cooperation, is proof that our ancestors possessed that spirit of which the Revolution was made. It may be inferred that those who wanted to supinely accept the edicts of the King had lost some of the boldness and independence that had led their forefathers to settle here. They were the careful men who preferred to accept the status quo rather than involve themselves in a defiance that might endanger their lives and property. In other words, they were dominated by fear of the unknown. Later, these men dubbed Tories, were run out of the country, their property confiscated, their names anathema to those who founded the new government. Only an occasional Rice in all the thousands accepted the Loyalist opinion.

In all the years preceding the war Rice men in many places served on Committees of Correspondence, as Representatives to the General Court, aiding in every way possible to rouse the citizenry in their towns to stand up and be counted at any cost. Truly, Edmund Rice could have been justly proud of his descendants in those precarious days.

Of the many Rices who served in the Indian wars and in the Revolution many lists have been made. In 1748 Tyrus Rice was a Lieutenant in the Worcester

Company that was sent to help in driving the Indians back toward Canada. During the trouble with the French in 1756 Captain Aaron Rice of Rutland died during the action at Crown Point. Adonijah, son of Jonas, and the first white child born at Worcester, was also at Crown Point and served in several other expeditions. Later he found Worcester too thickly settled for his comfort and removed to Shoreham, Vermont.

In 1775 in the expedition to Quebec Captain Jonas Hubbard was severely wounded and, refusing to be moved to a place of greater safety, perished in a severe snow storm. Timothy Rice on the same expedition died also of wounds. From Marlboro alone there were listed in 1757 Lieut. Jesse, Ensign Abraham, Benjamin, and Caleb. On the alarm list we find Dr. Andrew, Jabez, Zerubbabel, Nathan and Gershom. Two companies from that town sent to the relief of Fort William Henry contained Micajah, Micah, Cyrus, Quarter Master Hezekiah, Jabez and his negro Pompey.

Jonas and Reuben, two grandsons of Elisha, were Revolutionary pensioners. Jonas was at Bunker Hill, served eight months during the seige of Boston, enlisted in 1776 and again in 1777; he was on duty at Ft. Prescott and Harlem Heights in New York and assisted in the collection of boats at Point Judith to be used in an attack on the British at Newport; but sailing around the Point, many of the boats were destroyed and the attack had to be abandoned.

Reuben went from Lancaster and assisted in the protection of Boundbrook, N.J. and in guarding prisoners; he marched to Saratoga and Ft. Edward where he witnessed Burgoyne's surrender. Later he served at West Point.

Peter Rice of Framingham, great grandson of Henry, was at Ticonderoga in the French war and later was at Lexington and Concord in Captain Drury's company. This Luke Drury was also at Bunker Hill, later becoming a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was descended from Lydia Rice and Hugh Drury. Peter Rice's son Uriah, born in 1757 was also a Minute man in the same company. In 1800 Uriah and his wife began the manufacture of straw bonnets at Framingham. They also kept a store and continued in business nearly fifty years.

As Minute men from Marlboro were listed Corp. Thomas, Gershom Jr., Willard, Jabez, William, Daniel, John, John Jr. In a company formed from three neighboring towns, Joel of Northboro was a 2nd Lieutenant and Ashbel and Gershom were members; Joel and Nathan, from Northboro, Asa from Shrewsbury were there and many others.

From Lancaster also went Silas Rice. He was a son of Abraham and another great grandson of Henry. At that time he was unmarried. Being more footloose than many of the others he remained around Boston after Concord and Lexington. Picture these young men freed for the time being from the conventional hard-working life of the farm, camping together or assigned to various families, drilling on Boston Common, throwing up breastworks, gathering supplies, laughing, wrestling, prowling around the big waterfront town; the sights and experiences must have been exciting indeed to these inland boys who never before had been that far from home except to forge into the wilderness. After Bunker Hill, Silas was mustered out and returned to Lancaster where the next year he married Elizabeth Taft of Uxbridge and settled down to rear a family. Silas Rice was an artisan as well as

a farmer, for he advertised in the Worcester Spy that he had for sale, silver shoe and knee buckles at his shop near the Second Parish meeting house. His son, John Taft Rice married a Scotch girl and was one of the many who moved over into New York state where their descendants are many.

What was the pay for military duty? It is said to have differed widely. In 1780 each soldier enlisting received 27 pounds in agricultural produce. Josiah Rice of Rutland "served 44 months 17 days and received a bounty of twenty pounds." It became harder and harder as the years went by to furnish enough soldiers to fill the quotas and to feed and clothe the army. Levies were constantly made upon the citizens and taxes became exorbitant. Currency was scarce and money depreciated. Sounds like the twentieth century, doesn't it?

Feeling ran high after the close of hostilities against those who had sided with the King. In 1783 a committee appointed at Worcester to draft a reply to the Boston Committee of Correspondence in regard to the treatment of Tories contained the name of Jonathan Rice. The reply stated in no uncertain terms that no rights should be allowed to those who had sided with the enemy nor should they be allowed to dwell among the patriots. At the time of Shay's rebellion this same Jonathan Rice, a deputy sheriff, was shot through the hand and arm while pursuing the insurrectionists.

Of such men as these was our country builded, men of courage, wisdom and power, an honor to their first American ancestor, Deacon Edmund Rice.

GENERAL EDMUND RICE

Chapter XVIII

NEARLY half a century of peaceful days rolled by, bringing expansion and prosperity to the United States after the first stormy beginnings. And then the demons of dissention rose again and the War between the States was on.

Untold members of the Rice family answered the call to arms from every state in the Union, fighting on either side as their residences and sympathies led them. This was the period of heartrending tension, of bitter animosities and flaming hatreds. Family after family was torn apart by conflicting opinions. The misconceptions, the poor planning, the blundering, the wanton cruelties, the privations and suffering and needless deaths mark this as one of the tragic eras in our history.

Camps were unsanitary, hospitals always short of equipment, food was seldom adequate and often spoiled; worn clothing could not be replaced; mail delivery was sporadic and pay low and often delayed. The morale of the men could not help but sink lower and lower as bright hopes waned and the years of struggle dragged on. This is an excerpt from a letter of Alexander Rice of New York state written to his sister. It indicates the low state of mind of the lonely homesick and discouraged men of that time.

"We were paid off last Saturday for two months, which pays us up to the first of November. I only received $3.80 here, the $20 going to Albany. Out of what I received I had to pay the Setters two dollars, send some other small debts so that now I have the

enormous sum of sixty-eight cents left. The paymaster says he will pay us again about the eighth or tenth of March, but I will believe it when I see him do it."

Probably the most prominent of all the family in the military service was General Edmund Rice. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1838, son of Moses Rice. Moses himself was a son of Edmund and Abigail Maynard Rice, the 8th generation from the Deacon through his son Edward and grandson Edmund who lived by the spring. Moses was an outstanding business man; he was one of the originators and first directors of the Cambridge water works; he was also interested and active in the Cambridge gas light company, the Cambridge horse railroad and the Middlesex and Malden and Melrose horse raiload.

General Edmund, then of lesser rank, entered the war at its inception. He took part in many important battles including Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam and Gettysburg. He was severely wounded at Antietam and twice wounded at Gettysburg where he assisted in saving the day for the Union forces. On that day the Confederates had broken the Union lines when Colonel Rice rushed in at the head of his regiment to fill the gap. Half the men fell in the assault and he in the very front rank was shot down with his foot on the body of a fallen Confederate, but the line held until reinforcements arrived. For this conspicuous bravery he was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor. His regiment was selected to review before General Grant because it was one of the two best drilled and disciplined units. At Spottssylvania he was captured and while being taken South escaped from a box car in North Carolina by leaping from the train in full motion. For twenty-five nights he traveled on foot, hiding by day and finally reached the Union lines

after tramping between three and four hundred miles.

During the World's Fair at Chicago Gen. Rice had charge of the four thousand soldiers and eighty-six officers who served as guards and police at the exposition.

Like many of his relatives he could smell excitement a long way off. Before the outbreak of the Spanish war he was stationed at Tokio but asked for a transfer and was attached to Gen. Miles' staff. He was soon put at the head of the 6th Massachusetts regiment. The war was a difficult campaign, subjecting the army to tropical heat, seasonal rains, inadequate food and much illness. Because General Rice always shared the hardships and discomforts of his men he was very popular with them. His wife followed him during this campaign, being the first white woman to cross that part of the island where the general was stationed. She worked steadily at the hospitals to relieve the sufferings of the soldiers and was as popular as her distinguished husband. At the close of the war the men presented her with a beautiful brooch of diamonds and pearls. To the General they gave a magnificent loving cup "as a tribute to his character as a soldier and a man."

General Rice is credited with the invention of several tools useful in warfare still in use by the army. This illustrious soldier is one more in the roster of revered personalities who exemplified in their living the traits of Deacon Edmund Rice.

Chapter XIX

GOVERNOR BROWN OF GEORGIA

THIS is a story of another of our family who rendered conspicuous service during the bitter days of the War between the States. He had been raised in Georgia and served as Governor of that state during the days of the conflict.

The Rices seemed to have a penchant for going south as well as west. There were wide reaches of land just back from the sea coast which in Revolutionary times was a frontier holding untold possibilities. One of these Rices was Josiah of Westboro. He was the fifth generation from the Deacon, his grandfather being Josiah, a grandson of Joseph, his grandmother Rice being a daughter of Edmund and Ruth Parker Rice.

His father and grandfather had lived at Westboro and nearby places and the rest of Josiah's family seemed content not to roam too far from familiar scenes, but he was made of different stuff. He grew up in the troublesome days just before the Revolution and being brought up to the tune of arguments about the stamp act and the tax on tea, surrounded by a growing turmoil, he may have glimpsed the almost certain hard days ahead, and decided to go where he could find the quietness of the unsettled wilderness.

In 1774 he married Hannah Marble of Bolton and they, filled with high hopes and the courage of love and youth, started out together on the long journey to Fairfax County, Virginia. Here they could be alone to work out their own destines. Of course there would be Indians and the pressures of crude living condi-

tions, but their hearts were light and their bodies strong. Theirs was a new future in a new environment.

There in Virginia a new little cabin was built and there in just a year little Dangerfield was born on March 2, 1775. Three more boys, Joseph, John and Reuben came to bless their marriage.

Dangerfield reached young manhood when George Washington was President, when the hard times brought on by the war were blossoming into a period of prosperity and progress. The land beyond the mountains was being opened up and young men were moving into this new frontier. Dangerfield followed the lure of the unbroken country and went into Tennessee. Here he met and married Margaret Looney. Three children were born to them in quick succession, Sally, born in 1797, Prudence in 1801 and Pleasant in 1803. Margaret, not strong enough to cope with bringing up babies in that raw land, died the next year.

Four years later Dangerfield married Nancy Brown. To them came seven children, Polly, Ann, Melissa, James Porter, John, Hugh and Celeste. By this time pioneers were settling along the Mississippi. Some time after his marriage to Nancy, Dangerfield pioneered again, this time to Missouri.

All of the children except Sally went with him. She was old enough to have a beau. Whether she stayed in Tennessee to work for a neighbor's family, or whether her father did not move until she was fully grown we do not know. Anyway, when she was nineteen she married Mackey Brown, who may have been a relative of her step-mother. They, too, moved away from familiar scenes, for their son Joseph Emerson Brown was born in South Carolina on April 15, 1821.

This child, the eighth generation from Deacon Edmund Rice, became one of his most distinguished descendants, experiencing a life entirely different in atmosphere of living and thought from the Deacon and the majority of his descendants. Joseph Emerson Brown was a brilliant young man with a pleasing personality and a man among men. By sheer force of ability he quickly rose to a position of prominence among political leaders in the state of Georgia and when only thirty-six years old was inaugurated as Governor of that state.

All through the years of controversy, all through the bloody and heart-breaking period of the war he served as leader of the people of Georgia. His was the difficult and terrible task of sharing with those brave and courageous people their sorrows, their sense of injustice and their weary desperation; he saw his people reduced to want, their beautiful homes laid waste, their bright and easy lives turned to destruction and penury. Through all those years and the hard days of the reconstruction period he never faltered, emerging stronger for the work in hand and still a great man in his home state.

For many years he served as Chief Justice and in 1880 was elected United States Senator rrom Georgia, a position he held until failing health forced him to retire in 1891 at the age of seventy. Three years later he passed away in his home at Atlanta, an honored descendant of Deacon Edmund Rice.

Chapter XX

CLARA BARTON

IN connection with the Civil War one is bound to think of Clara Barton whose acomplishments as a nurse during that struggle started a career that brought her everlasting fame.

Miss Barton was nearly thirty years old at the outbreak of hostilities, having been born on Christmas day 1831 at Oxford, Massachusetts. She was descended from Ephraim Rice, one of the first settlers of Worcester and must have inherited a large portion of the dauntless spirit and need for action of her Rice forbears.

Going to Washington to offer her services in caring for the wounded, she was the first woman to enter the field. Many other women followed her example, rendering an aid of untold value to the country. Her ability and courage brought her the admiration of military leaders and gave Miss Barton the name of the Angel of the Battlefield.

One of her most useful and daring exploits occurred in September 1862 when she loaded a wagon with supplies and started out alone in the wake of McLellan's army. At a large barn near Antietam she established her headquarters. The supplies she had brought saved the lives of many soldiers, for the army supplies soon ran out. Among other things she had brought a couple of dozen lanterns which provided the necessary light to work with the wounded after darkness had fallen.

Near the close of the war President Lincoln put Miss Barton in charge of a bureau for locating miss-

ing men and the graves of those who had fallen in the fighting. During the Franco-Prussian war she served abroad in caring for the wounded and received many decorations.

It was Clara Barton who conceived the idea of a permanent organization to care for victims of disaster and war. For four years she worked to have her idea accepted until in 1881 the American Association of the Red Cross was formed. President Garfield made Miss Barton the President of this organization for life.

During her lifetime she saw many of her great dreams for service come true. The Red Cross rendered valuable aid at the time of the Johnstown flood; in 1892 she sent representatives of her organization to Russia to relieve the great famine; in 1896 she worked for the assistance of the Armenians during the Turkish massacres; after the battle of Santiago her relief ship was the first to enter the harbor. Her last important work was in connection with the Galveston flood in 1900.

Miss Barton was a friend of all United States Presidents from Lincoln to McKinley. She lived to the age of ninety at her home near Washington. It was proposed that she be buried in the National cemetery at Arlington, but her remains were brought back to be interred in the family lot in Oxford, where several organizations honor her memory and bear her name.

Chapter XXI

OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS RICES

ON the whole Deacon Edmund Rice could look with pride and satisfaction upon his progeny. They

have carried their share of responsibility, they have passed on to their children right ideas and high ideals. They have been decent, self-respecting citizens, seeking a competence for themselves and ever ready to serve in all the wars that have made this country free and made this a great nation among nations.

There have been ministers without number; almost every page of the old genealogy lists some made who made the service of the church his profession. There was Joel of New Haven, Asaph, a minister at Westminster, Massachusetts and a missionary among the Indians. There was Nathan at Sunderland and Caleb at Phelps, New York. They were everywhere. Of Caleb, the first minister at Sturbridge, Massachusetts the record says, "He was a pastor after God's heart. Sound in faith, a good preacher, very exemplary in life, benevolent in his deportment." It covered them all.

There were outstanding men in the field of engineering and allied arts. Arthur Wallace Rice of Boston designed the stone over the grave of our common ancestor, and the stone marker by the Connecticut Path near "the spring." There was George Staples Rice, born in Boston in 1848, the distinguished engineer who planned the Boston subway system; Professor John Minot Rice, born in Northboro in 1832 was a professor of applied Mathematics at the U.S. Naval Academy. He was a friend of Admirals Sampson and Dewey. Edwin Wilbur Rice, Jr., born at La Crosse, Wisconsin in 1862 was an electrical engineer, Vice-president and president of General Electric; George Samuel Rice born in Claremont, New Hampshire in 1866 was chief engineer, U.S. Bureau of Mines. These are only a sampling of the many who have made outstanding contributions to world progress.

In a different field there was Fannie Rice, a famous stage comediene of the nineties, as funny off stage as on. And there was Dan Rice, the famous clown. We have not been able at the present time to trace his descent from the Deacon, but it is almost a certainty. Daniel Rice of Barre, Massachusetts, the fourth generation from Thomas, had a son Daniel who went to New York following the Revolution, married and had two children, a son and a daughter. He died while the children were still young. There is a possibility that this son was the grandfather of this famous clown.

Dan Rice was one of the most colorful men of his time, though his moralities lacked some of the more desirable attributes. He was born in New York City in 1823. It is reported that his father was at one time a law student in the office of Aaron Burr. When Dan was nine his parents both died and he was taken into the home of a well known horse trainer named McCoun, who taught the boy to ride. He became so adept he worked as a jockey. At that time he took the name of Dan Rice after his mother's father. Brought up in the rough and sporty atmosphere of the race tracks, he engaged in a knife duel with a gambler and next appeared at Pitsburgh. There he became acquainted with a strong man in a road show. This man was so impressed by the young man's magnificent body he coached him in the art. Dan then bought an interest in a trained pig which he taught to do small sums in arithmetic. He named him Lord Byron and exhibited in many side shows. He also developed a talent for singing comic songs, dancing jigs and carrying on a half philosophical, half humorous patter. Gradually he emerged into the business of being a clown and became the most famous clown of his time.

He concluded his comic performance with his un-

equalled somersault act. For this three elephants would be lined up at the end of the spring board; the star acrobat would turn a somersault over the three; after a lot of funny tumbling Dan Rice would easily clear the three. Then a fourth, fifth and sixth elephant would be added to the string and the same performance repeated. The acrobat could not clear the seventh elephant, a feat the clown accomplished with ease. Dan Rice alone could turn a triple somersault and land clear of a line of eight elephants, a feat never accomplished by any other clown. As America's leading clown he drew a salary of one thousand dollars a week.

The shining years of Dan Rice's popularity waned all too soon. Temperament so often carries with it instability! So it was with Dan. Falling into the habit of heavy drinking while still a young man, he became unreliable; only his popularity and personal magnetism saved him from dismissal. But the dissolute high-living years took their toll. Dan Rice lost all his money, his magnificent strength and his health. He died in absolute penury in 1900 at Long Branch, New Jersey.

In the world of art there are many outstanding members of the family. These are an example of all the rest.

John Q.A. Ward, sculptor, was born in Urbana, Ohio in 1830. Several of his important works stand in our public buildings, including a colossus of Washington in the New York Sub-treasury. Mr. Ward was President of the National Academy of Design and a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum.

Harriet Hosmer, also a well known sculptor, was a woman far ahead of her time and generation. Born in Watertown, Massachusetts, she was a descendant of both Edward and Matthew Rice. Being refused

admission to medical school, she turned her ability to art, studying anatomy at St. Louis and sculpture in Rome. One of her works was purchased by the Prince of Wales, others stand in St. Louis. The stamina inherited from her Rice forbears carried Miss Hosmer forward to success in a field which at that time was a difficult one for women to enter.

Strange as it may seem, one of our most noted pioneer inventors first attained success in the province of art. Samuel F.B. Morse, whom the world remembers as the inventor of the telegraph, graduated at Yale, went to England to study art, and was awarded a medal by the Duke of York for his first sculpture. He followed his chosen field for several years and originated the National Academy of Design. While a professor of art at the University of New York he became interested also in chemistry and electricity. After much work and experimentation he invented the telegraph, experiencing a ten-year struggle to get it recognized. His first public message transmitted in 1844 was, "What God hath wrought." Mr. Morse also set up the first American made daguerrotype apparatus. Samuel F.B. Morse, born in 1791, descended through his mother from Eleazer Ward and his wife Hannah, a daughter of Henry Rice.

Several governors have sprung from our family; Othniel Looker, the fifth Governor of Ohio, Henry M. Rice of Minnesota, and Alexander Hamilton Rice of Massachusetts being a few of them.

The family has always been proud of our two Presidents, John Quincy Adams and Calvin Coolidge. The Adams descent comes from Thomas Smith who married Abigail Rice, a daughter of Henry. Abigail Adams is the only woman so far who has been wife of one President and mother of a second. The abilities

of Abigail Smith Adams are well known; she was a wise and loyal companion to her busy and peppery husband, a careful and considerate mother; more than all this she was outstanding for her interest in and comprehension of the world outside her home. She wanted to know and understand the problems that were foremost in her husband's life, and had a mind capable of producing independent ideas. At one time she wrote to her husband, "I long to hear you have declared an independence. And by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could." Good for Abigail!

Calvin Coolidge is another descendant of Henry Rice. This large family seems to have produced more than an average share of preeminence in their descendants. Henry Rice's grandson, Bezaleel, had a son of the same name whose daughter married into the Brewer family. Sarah's grand daughter Sarah marrying Calvin Galusha Coolidge in 1844 became herself the grandmother of "Cal," whose modest grave stone stands in the tiny Vermont village of Plymouth, which our President loved so well.

It is not at all astonishing that so many prominent people have descended from the Rice family; in the early generations the Rice boys and girls intermarried with practically all of their neighbors. Thus almost any one claiming descent from early New England settlers who lived anywhere near the Rices is bound to turn up at least one ancestor of that name some where along the line. To trace the connection is

a tedious and devious task. Their names have been so often listed there is no use to repeat them here.

It seems entirely fitting to close the narrative with the less familiar stories of two Rice men in the world of finance, one from the long ago, the other more recent.

The first was Gershom Rice the second, who may have been the first of the family to own shares in a stock company. In 1740 several business men near Boston formed such a company to issue currency "For the Ease of Trade and commerce among themselves and to make One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds in Bills of Credit, called Manufactory Bills and equal to lawful money at 6 sh. and 8 pence per ounce." Gershom had a share of 200 pounds which he agreed to repay at 3% interest.

The goods with which he might make payments offer an iluminating expose of the commodity trade of two hundred years ago: "Merchantable Hemp, Flax, Cordage, Bar-Iron, Cast-Iron, Linnen, Copper, Tanned Leather, Flax-Seed, Bees-Wax, Bayberry Wax, Sail Cloth, Canvas, Nails, Tallow, Lumber, viz: Shingles, Staves, Hoops, White Pine Boards, White Oak Plank, White Oak Boards, and ship-Timber; Barrel Beef, Barrel Pork, Oil, Whale-Bone, and Cordwood."

Gershom agreed to stand his share in any loss caused by the failure of any member of the company, and was to receive his share of the dividends accruing to the company.

Another financier of a later day was Orlando B. Potter, born in 1823, son of Samuel and Sophia Rice Potter. Sophia was a great grand daughter of Moses Rice, the first settler of Charlesmont, a descendant of Edward Rice.

This Orlanda B. Potter conceived our present banking system in 1861, to provide a national currency by which the commerce and business of the Northern States might be facilitated during the war. This system provided a ready medium of circulation worth the same in all parts of the country, a state of affairs unknuown up to that time. He submitted his plan to the Secretary of the Treasury, Chief Justice Chase, and President Lincoln. "He was among those great financiers of our country who have used their talents for National good, and not for private ends alone. "

Orlando B. Potter was a lawyer, industrialist, and statesman; like many others of the family he served as a member of Congress for several years. Many of our members knew his descendant, Mark W. Potter who was a Director of our Rice Association for several years.

Chapter XXII

SOME FAMILY STORIES FROM THOMAS JEFF RICE

"SOME seventy-five years ago," Mr. Rice says, "I recall vividly my grandfather, father and myself killing wild geese with fire place wood. It was late in October; about two inches of snow had fallen the day before and rain and sleet were coming down accompanied by a howling west wind. In the yard about thirty feet from the house stood a honey locust tree left standing when Grandfather had cleared the land years before.

"Around midnight Grandfather called, 'Hugh, do you hear wild geese?' Father replied that he had been

wondering what the noise was; it sounded as if the geese were in distress. They all quickly dressed and taking the old tin lantern rushed out to find the ground simply covered with geese; they were coated with ice and floundering around on the slippery ground. They had been flying low and on trying to light in the tree had been unable to maintain their balance. The men grabbed sticks of wood and killed dozens while the little boy crept around picking them up. The family dressed them all and kept them frozen until they needed them to eat. The next day they found many more that had floundered farther away and died. These they piled in a fence corner to feed the hens. Jeff says the family ate goose until "they all feathered out."

Early Potato Raising

Grandfather Shuthelah Rice used to raise wonderful potatoes with no work at all. This is how he did it. In the spring when the ground began to get warm he would take some of his small potatoes out into the virgin timberland. With his foot he would scrape aside the leaves and mold until he reached hard soil, drop in a potato, scrape the leaves back, and go on until all the potatoes were planted. In the fall he would go out and raking the leaves aside, gather the crop. The vines ran as far as fifteen or twenty feet under the leaves, white and transparent. The ground would be almost covered with long white potatoes three or four inches thick and with paper-thin skins. Until the timber land burned in a disastrous fire. Shuthelah Rice always grew his winter potatoes in this way.

Rattlesnakes In Michigan

On Shuthlelah's farm were several acres of marsh,

wet and boggy the year round, where marsh hay grew abundantly. This hay was cut every fall to use for roofing the ox-shed, pig-sty, and other log outbuildings. It also served as bedding for the stock. In those days cutting the marsh meant not only swarms of bees, wasps, mosquitoes and deer flies, but hundreds of marsh rattlesnakes as well.

Shuthelah found a novel and practical way of protection against these dangerous pests. At the edge of the marsh the men cut some of the fine grass to twist into ropes two or three inches thick; the ropes they wrapped around their legs from ankle to knee, giving them a safe armament from the rattlers. As they proceeded into the swamp swinging their scythes, they collected dozens of rattlers on their legs, the fangs caught in the hay ropes. When the men found that dragging the rattlers impeded their progress they would stop and cut off the bodies, which the crows quickly consumed. Shuthelah said that he had dragged as many as sixteen snakes at one time just to see how many he could handle. Those marsh rattlers were dark in color, thick of body and only about twenty inches in length, but deadly as their larger relatives.

Spring Tonics

When Grandfather Shuthelah was planting his potatoes, he used to dig up sassafras roots to make tea. Each spring the country doctor would make the rounds to "bleed" each member of the family. He took a pint of blood from adults, less from children, the theory being that during the winter the blood became thickened. After the bleeding every member of the family drank sassafras tea to purify the blood.

The bark or roots of this tree were boiled and the tea drank regularly sometimes with milk and sugar

added. If these previous generations had indigestion they drank catnip or sage tea. Sulphur and molasses, an unattractive mess at best, was another spring tonic stand-by.

These people of long ago were wiser than they knew, for the remedies they used certainly did contain health-giving properties. Perhaps their faith in these old home remedies accomplished the cure. Certainly they did no harm. for many of those who survived the first years of life lived to a hale and hearty advanced old age.

Horse Stories

One day when Shuthelah Rice was returning home from a trip to Ann Arbor he met a farmer on horseback. The man had a "grass-hopper" cultivator over one shoulder. Shuthelah asked him why he did not lay it on the horse's back; the man replied, "Because it would make too much of a load for the horse."

This same man was a great horse-trader. His horses were always sleek and fat and were the envy of his neighbors. Mr. Rice tried to buy one; the man wouldn't sell, but he would trade; so Shuthelah swapped giving a pretty good animal and acquiring a beautiful sleek animal in return. When he got the horse home he found him lazy and untrained, no good to work either single or double. The man refused to take the horse back or trade for another. "But," he said, "I will give you a piece of information free. I will tell you how to have fat horses at no cost to you."

Shuthelah knew there was a catch some where but he "bit."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well," the man said, "You know I use a cutting

box to cut every bit of my hay for the horses. It saves half the feed."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Shuthelah.

"You got one hoss and can save half the feed. Buy another and you'll save it all!"

A Bad Neighbor

Grandfather Shuthelah had a shiftless neighbor, a very undesirable individual, who did not agree with work, and therefor never raised crops enough to feed his stock. One winter Shuthelah unwittingly helped the man to fatten his hogs the easy way.

Shuthelah stored his corn in a corn crib just outside the barn. This was the familiar slatted structure standing a couple of feet above the ground on posts. One day Mr. Rice noticed that the corn was lower in the centre of the bin. He leveled it off, and after a few days saw another depression in the same place. This happened several times. Then Shuthelah examined the boards on the bottom of the bin and found them loose. He dug out an old bear trap and buried it in the corn with a board slanted over it to keep the grain from falling down.

One morning when he came out of the barn at breakfast time Shuthelah noticed in the growing light a pair of legs under the back end of the crib. He walked around and found his very uncomfortable neighbor.

"What are you looking for?" Mr. Rice asked innocently.

"I'm looking for some one to get me out of this — trap," replied the man, "And be quick about it."

Grandfather sprung the trap and said in parting, "Come again any time."

Mr. Rice felt badly about the man's very sore hand,

but he knew the thief had to learn his lesson the hard way. After that he had the use of his corn to fatten his own hogs.

The First Apple Trees in Michigan

The first year in Michigan all the meat the settlers had to eat was from wild animals and fowl; deer, elk, bear, squirrels, prairie chickens, partridges and pigeons all contributed to the need of the family. There were thousands of pigeons coming over in flocks so large they would hide the sun as they flew over. Hundreds would light on the trees to rest and the settlers easily killed all they could use.

One day Shuthelah Rice found in the crop of a pigeon five apple seeds. He knew the pigeon must have come a long way for there were no apple trees for hundreds of miles. He carefully planted these five seeds and one grew.

After a few years the tree bore a crop of beautiful apples. They were very large, pale yellow with red cheeks and wonderful for eating or cooking. He called it the 'pigeon apple.'

The tree grew to be three feet in diameter and bore apples until 1915, nearly seventy years after the seed was planted.

Several years after the tree began to bear Mr. Rice sent some scions to the Stark Nursery. They named it the Bellflower apple and sold the trees widely for many years.

Chapter XXIII

MORE STORIES AND EPITAPHS

ON an old headstone standing alone on the Eastern side of Hoosac mountain in western Massachusetts is this epitaph, a memorial to Luke Rice, aged 27, a great grandson of Moses the Charlemont pioneer.

"While flesh quiescent moulders in the tomb,
Virtue survives in everlasting bloom.
The tears that fall from penitential eyes
Bedew the plant that ripens in the skies."

Such mournful sentiments mark many an ancient grave.

We prefer to smile over the following verse that tells what befell another Rice. This appears in the history of Berlin, Massachusetts.

"How strange indeed that Asaph Rice
So pestered was with rats and mice.
His children thought twould do no harm
To clear them out to burn the barn.
When from the church the parents came
The barn was gone — the rats the same.
Ne'er troubled more was Asaph Rice
In that old barn with rats and mice."

There was a Rice man of Framingham whose deviation from the straight and narrow is recorded on his gravestone in the old Church Hill burying ground. His sin was not very great, but the consequences, dire. It seems he was engaged with a neighbor in a horse trading deal on the Sabbath Day when a bolt of lightning from a nearly clear blue sky descended and

struck them both dead! It didn't pay to trade horses on Sunday.

Framingham was the home of another Rice who may have been a little "near;" at least, he intended to remain boss of his family.

The history of Framingham discloses this note:—

"Cousin Jonathan Rice — I know not what my wife's business was to your house today, unless it was to get you to buy something considerable for her. Therefore these may give you to understand that I don't allow of your laying out any money for her, unless it be for a few pins or pappen or such like things. So I remain your loving friend — Nov. 18, 1708."

Then there was Elisha Rice, a tinpeddler of Henniker, New Hampshire. He had a large family and found it hard to make two ends meet. The minister met him one morning just after Elisha's wife had presented him with twin boys. The parson offered his congratulations. Mr. Rice was feeling a little desperate and twisting his work-roughened hands, replied in a voice sharp with embarrassment, "Well, Parson, that's what I call speaking for one and getting two."

In a different tone is this story of a highly respected member of the clan who attended a neighborhood party and partook a little too freely of liquid refreshments. On his way home he became confused and knocked on a neighbor's door at midnight in inquire where Mr. Rice lived.

"Why, you are Mr. Rice," replied the neighbor.

"I don't care nothing about that," retorted Mr. Rice. "I know who I am, but I want to know where I live."

In the old days the aged members of the family were venerated and cared for with a patience not often

seen in these busy times. After Silas and Lucy Rice were settled in Enosburg with their sons, Lucy's mind failed. One day she got the idea that it was Sunday and demanded that her son come in from the hayfield. "I never brought my children up to work on the Sabbath day," she told him and belabored him for his lack of respect for the Lord's day. The son let her talk it out, and obediently drove his team into the barn and came into the house to sit down. After Lucy's attention had been diverted, he slipped out and resumed his work.

This story, recently appearing in a popular magazine is a story handed down through the Jotham Rice family for several generations. It seems that this Seth Rice had remained a bachelor for a long time. When on nearing middle life he became enamored with a young widow, the neighbors watched the progress of the courtship with curiosity and interest.

One day while driving home from town Seth stopped to pass the time of day and the weather with a neighbor. After those topics of conversation had been exhausted the neighbor inquired,

"Wal, Seth, how goes the courtin'?"

And Seth is said to have replied, "Wal, I'll tell ye; it aint so very laborious, but it's mighty putterin' business."

This story has been chuckled over by many Rices for many years, though it is not supposed to have involved any of the family directly.

After the Revolutionary War was over, the military companies never quite disbanded. Shay's rebellion and the war of 1812 kept the people in a state of doubt and unrest for several years. Besides, military training could be fun when there was no fighting to be done; thus the train bands as they were called con-

tinued to drill for many years. They took the place of the American Legion of today, and offered an excuse for sociability and fun when there were not too many places to go. In the New England towns where these train bands existed, they celebrated Muster day every spring after the crops were in. It was a holiday for every body when the neighboring bands met for competition, watched by the men, woman and children from all around.

In Barre, Massachusetts it was a great day. The train bands from all the towns nearby met on the spacious common, coming in the night before to camp out and be ready for the festivities. Probably there wasn't much sleeping done and the company undoubtedly got a little gay, but a good time was had by all.

One time a man who had spent the night before on the common enjoying himself was going home just before dawn to do his chores. On his way he had to pass the cemetery, and, being a little the worse for wear, could not see very distinctly. It happened that another young man who had spent the night in bed had arisen early and finished his chores by lantern light so as to be on the scene at an early hour.

On his way to town he took a short cut through this same cemetery. The first man seeing this indistinct shape moving among the head stones, stopped, rubbed his eyes, and shaking with fear cried out,

"Go back! Go back! It isn't Resurrection day; it's only Barre Muster!"

Chapter XXIV

WHICH RICE IS WHICH?

THREE hundred years is a long time and during the ages many lines of descent have gone unrecorded. It is hard to realize that we in our own time are living history and that we owe to our children's children a tangible record of our lives and the events that we have witnessed. It is understandable, then, that our forbears did not realize that we would want to know about them.

It is not strange that the early generations left so few records of their families behind them. They were so busy carving their homes from wilderness spots, fighting Indians and disease and weather! Life was a term of hard physical work, a struggle to acquire a self-respecting competence for old age and a little to be left for those who came after; few possessed much education, and writing was not a popular indoor sport.

Vital records were kept by the minister who baptised, married, and buried those under his care. These together with old deeds, wills and inventories constitute most of our understanding of the past. Some records were lost, some mutilated, and some necessarily contain mistakes.

In all the old families the duplication of names is very confusing. In every deacon's family of a dozen or more there were bound to be several grandchildren called John, James, Edmund, Ebenezer and many more popular names. How did they tell them apart when they happened to live in one locality? Sometimes one younger than another would be dubbed 'Junior,' being only a cousin, which three hundred years later

is confusing to say the least. Perhaps they adopted a plan that prevailed in Rice Village in Barre where several women by the name of Sarah lived close together. They were designated by their husband's names as well as their own, and were known as Sarah-Hi- Sarah-Charlie, Sarah-Jim and Sarah-Nat. I never knew until I was nearly grown that they possessed other names. Thus it is very hard to tell which set of children belonged to which James or Isaac or John.

When the families migrated to new places and with a few others started some isolated village by the name of Jones Crossing or Burnt Creek the problem of tracing them and their children is complicated again. Those little settlements were often served only by an itinerant minister who kept few records, and after a few years the settlement itself lost is identity by a change of name. Then, too, these families left no forwarding address when they departed on the trail that led away. Where did that first James come from? Anywhere in New England; The record is very hard to find.

There is still more confusion thrown into the picture of the past when we realize that our ancestor, Deacon Edmund Rice had no corner on the name.

There are persistent stories of a brother of Edmund named Robert who settled at Concord. Presumably he did not have the regulation ten or more children if he was here at all, for there are not many of the name in the early records of Massachusetts Bay who have not been proved descendants of our Deacon. There is no positive information about the mythical Robert at this time.

Then there was Alpheus Rice, a descendant of Edmund who petitioned the court to change his name to Royce because the Rices were getting too numer-

ous. There is a Royce family association in Connecticut which I thought might be descended from this man, but there lay only disappointment. Miss Helen Elizabeth Royce, President and Genealogist of the National Royce-Rice Association states that Robert Royce of New London was not a brother of Edmund Rice, nor any relation. Miss Royce is custodian of the Nehemiah Royce house built in 1672 in Wallingford. To complicate matters still more, some of these Royces changed the spelling of their name to RICE. Could it be that they thought the Royces were too prolific?

Then there was the Rice family who came to this country from Germany in the early days, settling in Pennsylvania. The parents and two sons, Frederick William and Barnhart, were here in the early 1700's, for Frederick served in the French and Indian war in 1755. A second Frederick, son of Banhart, born in Bethlehem, Penn. in 1753, served in the Revolutionary war. From these two men by the name of Rice are probably descended many by the name entirely unrelated to our family.

From another Rice not a member of the Edmund Rice family comes another story. This is of Alfred Rice who was born in Somersetshire, England in 1795. He emigrated to Canada at an early age and settled near Toronto. He married in 1820 Sarah Garbutt who was only sixteen. To this couple seventeen children were born. Since the names in this family occur again and again in the family of Deacon Edmund Rice, they are included, so that researchers may know some of the Rices from whom our family are not descended.

Mary born 1822 married Arch Parks
George born 1823 married Agnes Watts
James born 1826 married Mary Ann Whiteside

Robert born 1828 married Mary McKay
Alfred born 1830 married, died young
Agnes born 1831 married James Chambers
Martha born 1833 married David Watt
Joseph born 1834 married Charlotte Grant
Elizabeth born 1836 married William Townsend
John born 1838 married Mary Lund
William born 1838 married Cecile Dickson
Sarah Ann born 1841 married William Currie
Harriet born 1843 married Benjamin Dickson
Hannah born 1844 married Matt Prendergast
Evelina born 1846 married James Pomeroy
Alfred born 1848 married Annie Terry
Eliza born 1851 married B. Dickson

This family holds a reunion every year at the old homestead in East Oxford, Ontario. Here are Rices enough to confuse any one searching in Canada or nearby New York state for new leads to the descendants of Edmund Rice. We can cross them off our list of possibilities. They do not belong to us.

There is another Rice family with an interesting history which is told through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur H. Rice of Washington, D.C. During the trouble-ridden days in England under the Merry Monarch an old man by the name of Rice, died leaving an only daughter. To her he left his estate with the provision that she never change her name. In case she did, the property would go to the Crown. When she decided to marry, the man had his name changed to Rice, making safe the inheritance and carrying on to future generations the old man's name. This couple had at least two sons, who, being in rebellion against King James, fled to Virginia in 1685-88.

After the death of James one of the brothers by

the name of Thomas returned to England to claim the property of his mother who also had passed away. Thomas was never heard from again. Either the ship he was returning on was captured by pirates or he was killed for the money he was bringing back. The other brother, Hezekiah, was murdered when returning home from Jamestown where he had gone to sell his tobacco crop. Each of these men left several children. From them have descended many prominent citizens of the South and hundreds who have carried down through the generations the name of Rice.

A John Rice of Virginia sealed two deeds in 1686 and 87 with a coat of arms corresponding to the Rice arms of Kerry, Ireland. It is stated also by one of this family that a sketch of their coat of arms is identical with the Welsh family of Ap Rice. This is the same that members of the Deacon Edmund Rice family have claimed. Not being able to trace the parentage of Edmund Rice, we naturally cannot prove our descent from Griffith Ap Rice.

The recorded names of some of the children of this Thomas Rice of Virginia are the very same we find in our Edmund Rice family. John, David, William, Benjamin, Susanna, Matthew, James. William left a will dated 1733 in which he left his property to his wife and four sons, David, William, Shadrach and Micajah. David left six sons and four daughters, many of whom scattered to North and South Carolina. After the Revolutionary war three brothers, Holman, Hezekiah and Micajah Rice from Virginia took up large grants in South Carolina, having been impressed by the beauty of the place while serving in the war. From these brothers came many men and women of note. One is of especial interest. Elizabeth, daughter of Hezekiah, married a man by the name of Brown.

Apparently he belonged to an excellent family, for the Rices were prominent and wealthy. but Mr. Brown proved to be a poor sort of husband. He had been educated as a lawyer, but being either idolent or a dreamer or a little of both, neglected his business to spend his time poring over books. The couple had a son named Albert Gallatin Brown. Elizabeth, disgusted at her husband's shiftless ways and ashamed to live under poor circumstances among her well-to-do relatives, took the boy and moved to Mississippi where her brother was living. This boy rose to prominence; his name was proposed in opposition to Abraham Lincoln; later he became Governor Albert G. Brown.

Here is another puzzle. There was a peculiar arrangement in the Virginia colony whereby a land owner might acquire a grant of fifty acres of additional land for every male member of the family. This resulted in the custom of bringing in men to work for these land owners.

In 1643 Francis Rice was deeded 200 acres on the forest of Warwick River being due him "for transportation of four persons into his colony. Yielding and paying unto our Sovereign Lord the king and his heirs and successors for every fifty acres — fee rent of one shilling to be made seven years after date." Three years later Francis Rice was given another 200 acres for transporting four others into the colony. In 1693 Thomas the refugee from James 2nd was given 35 acres "said being due for importation of one person." Just who was this Francis Rice? The record states that Mr. Francis Rice was justice of Warwick Co. in 1680. He could hardly belong to the Thomas family, since he is not supposed to have been there as early as that date. Certainly he could not be a

member of Deacon Edmund Rice's family. His children are all accounted for.

Here is another interesting item to think about. On August 3, 1679 a ticket was granted to James and John Rice to immigrate from Barbadoes to Virginia in ship Young William. Who were they and to whom were they related? Possibly they were brothers of Thomas and Hezekiah who fled to the Indies rather than to Virginia. Perhaps they were relatives of our ancestor, for many English people including relatives of Governor Winthrop went to the Barbadoes. They could not have been, however, known relatives of Deacon Edmund.

No wonder the farther we look the more questions appear. Who were all these folks by the name of Rice and which were descendants of our Deacon Edmund Rice? We are sorry that Charles Elmer Rice ever made the offer that if any one would tell him the name of his grandfather, he, Charles Elmer, would tell him whence he came! He isn't here to carry out his promise and we cannot!

CONCLUSION

The tale is told. It is by no means complete, for every family has its treasure of interesting stories and anecdotes of past generations. It is only a sampling, only a glimpse of the many descendants of our ancestor who have lived and loved and worked and passed on through the centuries since Edmund Rice came here.

Comparatively few of the family have attained a real eminence; many have lived simply, modestly, quietly, leaving scarcely a ripple on the sea of time. However, almost without exception their lives have

meant something good and positive to someone else. They have been decent, honest, frugal, industrious, straight-thinking and ready to defend their convictions.

These are the descendants of Deacon Edmund Rice who, like him, have lived the precepts of the prophet of old: "To do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with Thy God."

MORE ABOUT

THE RICE FAMILY 1952.

Elsie Hawes Smith
Barre
Mass.

The story of Edmund Rice and the part he played in early New England history has been told many times. The settlements at Sudbury and Marlboro, the buying of land and the divisions of Proprietor's land long after he had passed from the scene; his services as road-surveyor and judge, as Selectman, Deacon, and Representative to the General Court all mark him as a man of initiative, judgement, and well-rounded character.

But let us not be deceived; he was no giant of stature, no titan of industry and probably no saint. We may picture a man of average size, with the rounding shoulders and graying hair of middle age; alert blue eyes below a wind-beaten brow creasing with the responsibilities of the years; a trimmed beard that touched the wide Puritan collar he wore on Sundays. This was Edmund Rice.

He with the Howes, Maynards, Axtells, Moores, Brighams, Kings and many more, brought their families with high confidence and fierce determination to gain from the investment of their meagre funds and the work of their children such as they never could attain in the trouble ridden land they left behind. But they had no money as we know money now. They had to make the property they acquired worth something by the work they put into it.

And they were not perfect. They had their petty quarrels, their arguments and quick flares of English temper even as we do today. Hard work and worries breed lack of patience, and probably our ancestor Edmund was no easier to live with than some of his descendants.

But they were sensible men and women, mentally strong, morally straight, God-fearing and possessed of a wisdom far beyond anything taught by past experience. This was the Great Experiment. No mass movement like the colonization of New England had ever been known

before How did they have the wisdom to build their communities in orderly fashion, governed by stringent laws to discourage lawlessness, greed and shiftlessness?

To such men as Edmund Rice and his associates it offered a challenge and an opportunity They knew in the austerity of their circumstances that man does not live by bread alone; thus they established first a church for their spiritual and moral uplift Edmund Rice was a Deacon They realized that the prosperity of one depended upon the orderliness and decency of the whole; Thus Edmund Rice gave of his time, thought, and strength to draw up regulations by which a community should be governed and to take a part in administering the laws and adjusting disputes as they arose.

To Thomasine who with Edmund shared the hardships and heavy work of a pioneer our honor should also go, for to her fell the deadly monotony of uncomfortable living, of loneliness and worry that only women know She bore and raised nine children, feeding, tending and clothing them without the aid of stores or baby-sitters, and probably not much help from the busy Deacon Edmund Benjamin, the only child born in this country, was 14 when Thomasine became too weary and too ill to carry on, and was laid in the cemetery by the little church.

Edmund, marrying the widow, Mercy Hurd Brigham, gave to posterity little Ruth; Ann, who is listed in the Ward genealogy has been disproved, but lately another daughter had been found of whom we shall tell you more next year.

And then the Deacon in his sixties passed on to his reward, leaving his children to carry on the work he had begun.

The story of Edmund Rice and his family is the story of our entire country for from the small settlements at

Sudbury and Marlboro-Rices spread in every direction, being among the first to climb the far-off hills and explore the valleys that lay beyond. They became first settlers of many communities, often living for months in such stark loneliness as to frighten their modern descendants into a greater wonder and respect. From Massachusetts Rices spread to Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire. They spilled over by the hundreds into New York; they went very early to Virginia and the Carolinas, to Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa; they were forty-niners and settlers of the great Northwest.

Rices have been blacksmiths and farmers, storekeepers, doctors, lawyers, ministers and financeers. They have been small-town officials, mayors, representatives, senators, generals, governors and even presidents. And they still carry on!

We have spoken of Rices in Connecticut. The Connecticut Path that ran past the Rice homestead was one of the few outlets between colonies other than waterways. It appears that at Groton, Conn. some sort of mining took place at an early date, for we find in an old record a power of attorney given by James, son of Thomas, to his brother Gershom to "preserve and defend" and also "to digg and sel any---mine which I have Reserved". Apparently Gershom was living in Groton at that time, 1711, becoming second settler of Worcester in 1714. Probably these brothers were the first of the family to engage in the speculative business of mining.

Gershom, the second, may have been the first Rice to become a member of a stock company. In 1740 several business men near Boston had formed such a company to issue currency. -"For the Ease of Trade and commerce among themselves to make One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds in Bills of Credit, called Manufactory Bills and equal to lawful money at 6 sh. and 8 pence pr ounce." Gershom had a share of 25[illegible]

which he agreed to repay in 20 equal payments at 3 % interest.

The goods with which he might make payments offer an illuminating light on the conditions of the time, - "Merchantable Hemp, Flax, Cordage, Bar-Iron, Cast-Iron, Linnen, Copper, Tanned Leather, Flax-Seed, Bees-Wax, Bayberry Wax, Sail Cloth, Canvas, Nails, Tallow, Lumber, Viz: Shingles, Staves, Hoops, White Pine Boards, White Oak Plank, White Oak Boards, and Ship-Timber: Barrel Beef, Barrel Pork, Oil, Whale-Bone, and Cord-wood".

He also agreed to stand his share in any loss caused by the failure of any members of the company, and was to receive his share of the dividends accruing to the company. Perhaps he was our first financeer.

In 1748 this same Gershom borrowed from his father 1000 pounds and in return bargained to care for the aged Gershom, now 81, and his wife for the rest of their lives. Gershom the father lived to be 101, so that the debt probably was repaid with interest. His contract with his father gives us another side-light on the living conditions of that time. He was to provide every year "One hundred twenty pounds of good Beef, Two hundred and forty pound of good pork, four barrels of good Sider, nine bushels of Indian Corn, Three bushels of Rye, Two bushes of Wheat Two bushels of Malt, one bushel of Saltt, Thirty-five pounds of Butter, Seven bushels of Apples, four quarters of Mutton, Twelve pounds of Sugure, four ounces of Pepper, two ounces of allspice, fourty pounds of cheese and also suitable and Desent Clothing of all sorts and all other necesserys of life not afore mentioned, and nursing in sickness and necessary phisicians and also Convenient house room and a horse to ride to ye place of public worship and also to aford them a Decent Christian Burial at Death"

No story would be complete without mention of a Revolutionary soldier of whom there were many in our family. There was one called Silas, a minute man who marched from Lancaster at the Lexington alarm. He was a son of Abraham and a great grandson of Henry, first settler of Framingham.

At the time of the call he was 26 years old, probably well established in his own place, but still unmarried; thus he was able more easily than some to grab his musket and hurry off. More able, also, to remain with other Minute Men around Boston for the next exciting weeks, for his discharge did not come until May 15. Can you picture the men camping or drilling on Boston common, working on breast-works, transporting powder and shot, laughing, joking, prowling around the big town that must have held a strange fascination for country boys never more than twenty miles from home before?

After Bunker Hill he was mustered out and returned to the village of Lancaster. The next year he married Elizabeth Taft of Uxbridge and settled down to the quiet country life. He was less of a pioneer than many of his relatives and more of an artisan, for he advertised in the Worcester Spy that he made and sold silver shoe and knee buckles at his shop near the Second Parish meeting house. His son, John Taft Rice, married a Scotch girl and was one of the many Rices who went to New York State where their descendants are numerous under the name of Rice and many others.

Whole families of Rices spreading out from Marlboro and Worcester found in Brookfield, one of the very early settlements, a temporary or permanent stopping place. Among these was Peter, son of Peter of Marlboro, and grandson of Thomas whose family exhibited a particular flair for pioneering. Some time before 1730 Peter was living in that section of Brookfield now called Rice Corners, for in the Brookfield records we read, "Peter Rice and Donahr Woolcott married Sept. 22, 1730."

Elisha, older brother of Peter, who had married Martha Rice was there by 1720 and Cyprian whose wife was Lydia Rice, a cousin of Martha's was also there; Azariah, Lydia's brother, and Obadiah and Amos, brothers of Martha, and their sister and her husband, Jonathan Jennings all settled at Brookfield. On the farm that Elisha owned is a beautiful old house with high deep fireplaces, at the side of one and opening into it is a brick-walled closet large enough to hold several people standing upright. This may have been a hiding place from Indians who were very troublesome in that particular area. There is a tradition that around the middle of the last century it also hid slaves that were being passed along the underground railway.

Another Rice by the name of Zebulon, a great grandson of Thomas, also went to Brookfield some time before the Revolution. It was his daughter Persis who married Gen. Rufus Putnam and went with him to settle Marietta, Ohio.

Our Zebulon a g.son of Thomas.

This Peter Rice in whom we are interested found Brookfield too tame after a few years and moved on to Western, now called Warren with 6 children; There three more children were born. There at Warren he was a selectman in 1741 and several times later; he was one of a committee to purchase land for the meeting house, and also on a committee to buy nails for the meeting house. This must have been a serious undertaking since it required the services of three men. He was voted a leather in leather for 1747, and was a Representative to the General Court. Thus he followed in the footsteps of his ancestor Edmudd. But like Edmund his years were not to many, for he was drowned while crossing a flooded stream when only 59 years old.

His youngest child, Silas, was only twelve at his father's death. Abraham of Marlboro was his guardian

and he was baptised at Marlboro when 20 years of age We can only conjecture where he passed the intervening years, but he certainly knew Marlboro, for in 1773 when 26 years old he married Lucy Knapp of that place Strangely enough, their intentions to marry were filed at Petersham and Rev Clayton Rice who tells his story says that Silas and Lucy lived on a farm at Athol for about 12 years where 4 children were born Silas was one of the many soldiers from that vicinity who hurried to fight at Bennington, Vermont This journey showed Silas the greener hills on the other side of the mountains and soon afterward he moved to Bennington where four more children were born.

This Rice family scattered like many others Joel, the oldest, settled in North Carolina, Lucy, Asa and Mary went to Fort Ann, New York. Nabby married and went to Rush, Penn.; Benjamin was "given his time" when about 17 and hired out to Judge Robinson for board, clothes and winter schooling. When he became 21 he was to receive a new suit of clothes, a small sum of money and 75 acres of land in a large area owned by the Judge near the Canadian border. The town of Enosburg was 6 years old when Benjamin went there. His family grew and scattered again, mostly to Iowa, and the old folks came from Bennington to spend their last days with Benjamin

Still another Brookfield Rice, Obadiah the second, went to Vermont. First he was at Hartland, later he went to Waterford Their daughter, another Persis, married the Rev Silas Davidson, a minister with a long and successful career in Vermont. Their son Paul, after a marriage of only 5 years, died leaving a small son Paul Junior This boy became a physician and surgeon in Georgia, a long way from his native Vermont, and there he too, died young, at only 39 leaving half grown children who with his widow had to live through those heart-breaking war years, possibly harried by some of their own relatives from New England

The Rices seemed to have a penchant for going South as well as west. One whose name I have yet to find was with Andrew Jackson in the Waxhaws. Another, Josiah, born in 1751, settled in Fairfax Co. Virginia. He was a descendant of Joseph and his grandmother, also a Rice, was a sister of Ashur and Adonijah who were stolen from Brookfield by the Indians. One of his sons, Dangerfield, born in 1775 apparently moved into Tennessee, for his wife died there in 1804 leaving 3 small children. Soon Dangerfield married again, had 4 other children and a few years later moved on to Missouri leaving behind the oldest daughter Sally who married in 1816 Mackey Brown, a Tennessee neighbor. Their home was in South Carolina, maybe just over the border, where their son Joseph Emerson Brown was born in 1821.

Here is a Rice who really was in the thick of the war between the states, for he became Governor of Georgia in 1857 and served until 1865. We wonder if he knew or remembered his New England ancestry and felt the heartbreak of relatives fighting against each other in those feverish days! Joseph Emerson Brown was a real statesman rather than a politician, and became a Chief Justice for the state of Georgia. From 1880 to 1891 he was a United States Senator from that state - a true Southern gentlemen. We wish we could have known him.

Many stories and anecdotes have come down in every family showing us the way the older generations lived and thought. Here are a few:---

In the old days the aged were venerated and cared for with patience and respect not often seen in these busy days. Silas and Lucy Rice I have said, spent their remaining days with their son Benjamin. Toward the last of her life Lucy's mind failed. One day she got the idea it was Sunday and demanded that Benjamin come in from the hay field, saying that she never brought up her family

to work on the Sabbath day. Benjamin obediently put up his team and came into the house to please her, a little later climbing out the window of his bedroom to resume his labors

In a different tone is this anecdote of a highly respected member of the Rice clan who attended a party where liquor flowed freely. Perhaps he was not used to hard drinks; at any rate he became confused on his way home, and knocking at a neighbor's door at midnight demanded to know where Mr. Rice lived.

"Why, you are Mr. Rice" responded the neighbor "I don't care nothing about that," retorted Mr. Rice; "I know who I am, but I want to know where I live."

This is an example of a Rice who was a little "near", or maybe he had an extravagant wife. Anyway, he wrote the following note as recorded in the History of Framingham "Cousin Jonathan Rice - I know not what my wife's business was to your house today, unless it was to get you to buy some thing considerable for her. Therefore these may give you to understand that I don't allow of your laying out any money for her, unless it be for a few pins or papper, or such like things. So I remain your loving friend----Nov. 18, 1708."

And there is the story of a later Rice living in Barre in the middle of the 1800's. He was a bachelor for many years, when on nearing middle life he became enamored with a young widow. The neighbors watched the progress of the courtship with interest and curiosity

One day while driving home from town, Seth stopped to pass "the time of day and the weather" with a neighbor After the topics of conversation had become exhausted, the neighbor inquired,

"Wal, Seth, how goes the courtin?"

And Seth is said to have replied,

"Wal, I'll tell ye, it aint so very laborious, but it's mighty putterin' business."

These are the Rices who have passed across the
stage of life
Where they and hundreds like them knew the glory
and the strife;
And as we watch them we draw near to other times
and days.
The cold and sun, the hates and loves, discouragement
and praise.

These are the Rices, strong of heart, pressed by a
driving fire;-
Long days to work, to pray, to climb toward life's
utmost desire-
Seeking new scenes, new hills to scale, and new
accomplishment,
Long dreaming by a fire side when lusty days
were spent.

These are the Rices, torn by grief when death stalked
in their door,
When Indians whooped and fires took the last of their
earthly store,
Yet they carried on with a faith in God, and a courage
to face ahead,
And found in their work grief's deadening and new
strength that their sorrow bred

These are the Rices of other years; we cherish this
honored past,
And repeat for our children's children's sakes those
stories that can outlast
The confusion and din of this our day, when living
still asks a price,
Strong in the faith that they in turn will honor the
name of Rice.

Elsie Hawes Smith